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SIXPENCE.
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IDLENESS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

NOTES FROM THEATRE AND OPERA-HOUSE.

The stopgap production of "The Home Secretary" at the Shaftesbury is a rather puzzling affair for the critic. The experts expressed a doubt whether Mr. Carton's play would prove successful, yet, after running for some months at the Criterion, and enjoying a summer outing, it has come back to town, and seems in fair health. Yet, on a second visit, one cannot see much greater merit than was obvious at first, and remains unshaken in the opinion that it is not a good example of its talented author's work. The prejudice caused against the play by "An Ideal Husband" has gone, but one still feels acutely the conduct of the wife, and also that of the husband.

Beyond doubt there is much to be admired in the work, and some passages are charming, and, in fact, it is rather the main stream that is unmoving than the side current. No one can fail to be amused by the



MISS MACINTYRE.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

ingenious caricature that Mr. Charles Brookfield gives of the military man; and there is no little gaiety in the part of Mrs. Thorpe-Didsbury, though Miss Lottie Venne did not make the most of it, or rather, made too much, for her style, while invaluable in what are called "Lottie Venne" parts, hardly suits comedy of such character. Mr. Sydney Brough has, perhaps, the most striking part, short as it may seem; and it is not easy to forget the scene between him and Morris Lecaile when the effort at bribery is made.

It was very hard upon Mr. Lewis Waller that he should have suffered from a cold, which, but for his strenuous efforts, would have amounted to loss of voice: rarely does an actor fight so successfully against such difficulties. Until one saw Mr. Fred Terry one hardly appreciated the quality of Mr. Wyndham's acting as the Home Secretary, for, although the younger actor gave a sound performance, the distinction and charm of the elder were lost. Miss Julia Neilson seems gradually coming to the power of using such gifts as rarely are lavished.

In matters operatic there has been nothing so important this week as the production of "The Valkyrie" in English, to which, after seeing it a second time, I again refer. The surprise given by Miss Susan Strong left one at first almost too much pleased to be critical. Now it may be suggested to the brilliant young artist that in her acting she shows a pleasure in the footlights that is to be avoided. One knows that in opera one cannot expect such apparent indifference to the audience as in spoken drama; yet there is a happy mean, and she might with advantage consider the clever manner in which Miss Lillian Tree hits it. Moreover, the way in which she pulls her mouth on one side in taking high notes that appear to be well within her voice suggests a stiffness and straining that must prove injurious to her excellent voice. It may seem unkind to point out defects in such a remarkable performance, but, unless someone acts the candid friend, there is danger of persistence in them. Mr. Wareham took the part of Siegmund; his acting is excellent, almost as good as Mr. Hedmond's; and in the softer passages his voice was charming, but in the louder the vibrato was painfully prominent, and it is to be feared that such a house will strain a voice hardly strong enough for it—or, at least, in such exacting music.

Miss Lillian Tree's work, perhaps, has not been quite duly praised. That, physically, she is an ideal Brunnhilde one cannot pretend, but the excellence of her acting—which sometimes reached great force—and

charm of her singing, particularly in the duet with Siegmund, made amends—in this scene her voice was really beautiful. I can only repeat the almost unstinted praise already uttered concerning the Wotan of Mr. Bispham, and again express my pleasure in the Fricka of Miss Olitzka. By-the-bye, it would be wise to suppress the magic-lantern slides of the Valkyrs—they excite some derisive laughter; it would be better to leave the whole affair to the imagination. Moreover, the gestures of the ladies might be modified when they are indulging in the war-cry. Some of them work their spears as if doing dumb-bell exercise, and the effect is decidedly funny.

The Carmen of Miss Janson made one regret that there is some fear of her leaving the stage; it was striking, somewhat painful in acting, and admirable in vocal quality. Mr. Brozel I like more as Don José than Faust, and much better than as Harold. The Michaela of Miss Esty is really charming, and Mr. Goff's voice made him a capital Escamillo, so far as singing is concerned; doubtless his acting will improve.

It was startling to think that we have had a performance in honour of the fiftieth year of "Tannhäuser"—startling, too, when one saw the enthusiastic house, to remember with what disfavour the opera was received in 1845. The chief feature of the jubilee was the appearance of Miss Marguerite Macintyre as Elizabeth. Those who have watched her brilliant career need hardly be told that, in her new character, she was delightful—was, in fact, an ideal representative. Mr. Hedmond's Tannhäuser was capital evidence that he was really out of his voice on the first night of the season.

The chief quasi-novelty of the week has been the excellent performance of "The Flying Dutchman," given with great success on Friday. The Vanderdecken of Mr. Ludwig, worthy successor in the part to Mr. Santley, is well known by musical amateurs as one distinguished by picturesqueness of acting and style of singing, and the work of the Irish artist, once pupil of Mr. Betjeman, was received with the greatest favour. Not less noteworthy, perhaps, was the performance of Madame Duma in the part of Serita: her fresh, pure voice, just intonation, and charming style as actress really entitled her to the collection of bouquets and baskets of flowers which, in accordance with the bad old custom, were presented to her. It is only fair to add that excellent work was done by Madame Kate Lee, Mr. Dudley Buck, and Mr. Brophy, and that the orchestra, under Mr. Feld, was very good.



MADAME DUMA IN "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN."

Photo by Watery, Regent Street, W.

THE CLAQUE IN LONDON.

A CHAT WITH ITS MANAGER.

I have long suspected the existence of an organised claque in London. Its work is done well and judiciously, and has nothing of the frank brutality peculiar to the Parisian method, but it is none the less in evidence to the sensitive ear of the man who often spends four nights a week at theatre, opera, or music-hall.

Having come to a mental conclusion (writes a *Sketch* representative), I looked about to discover the responsible parties, and, after much patient labour, unearthed the gentleman who promotes applause. Needless to say, I can mention no names, for had I not promised to withhold them I should have had scant information.

Mr. X. is a good-looking foreigner, apparently in the prime of life, and is a merry fellow when quite at his ease. Of course, he at first denied everything, but, as I had not come to him without indisputable proofs, he gave in and consented to talk.

"I know you very well by sight," he said, "and almost guessed what you wanted when you said you were a journalist."

"Tell me," I began, "how you justify the existence of a claque in London?"

"Ah," he replied, "it is Englishmen more than any other people who need one. You will not applaud unless somebody starts for you. However good the show, you remain quiet, and that unnerves a performer. Once applause is started you join in, if the work is good enough. Of course, nothing will help what is bad, for the applause would not be taken up."

"Then," I said, "you think that forced applause is honest?"

"Quite," he replied; "it could not be more necessary than it is. Consider for a moment the position of a foreign artist who comes over here to sing or act or perform in any way. The dead silence will make him fear that the performance has failed to please, and prevent him doing his best. A well-distributed claque is simply of use in testing the approval of the audience, and, in proof of this, consider how long it takes the most ardent playgoer to find its existence out."

"Now for a delicate question," I said. "Are managements or artists mostly responsible for your existence?"

"Oh, the individual performers," he replied, with a smile, "in most cases. I am often in the theatre unknown to the management. I pay for my seats, and they are in all parts, from the gallery to the private box. I have very many forms, and you can't recognise me unless you are in the house every night. My success is entirely a matter of tact; the least error in judgment would do irrevocable harm. Where is the London audience that would submit to the French system, under which men sit in a row, and the head man calls upon them to strike up and to stop at regular intervals?"

"Paris manages most things very well," I suggested; "how is it London is so much better than she in this particular instance?"

"Because," replied Mr. X., "in Paris it is a well-understood thing that the claque exists; in London the matter is different. In Paris, if you go to the opera, you can buy a front-row gallery-ticket for less than advertised price; but you must applaud, or you will have to go out."

I emitted a whistle, indicative of incredulity.

"A fact, I assure you," continued my informant. "I have in my time been in Paris and paid one franc instead of three, and three instead of five, to go in the front row of the gallery, and, at a given signal, we have all been compelled to applaud."

"Please tell me," I said, "something of your own methods."

"Willingly," said Mr. X. "In the first place, my men are largely recruited from the intelligent out-of-work classes. They never sit together, never speak to one another, and applaud with judgment. They are never in the same part of the house on two successive nights. They are all people with some education and plenty of discrimination, so they applaud at the right time, and know when to stop. You could not pick them out, as they pay for their seats and dress simply in style befitting the part of the house they are in."

"Do you have many in a house at the same time?" I asked.

"Not at all necessary," was the reply. "Arrangement is of much more importance than mere numbers. Bear in mind that such services as mine are only good for starting applause; apart from that, things succeed on their merits. Sufficient to say that, if applause only needs starting, I can bring the house down with less than a dozen people, and none of those around them shall know that they applaud professionally. Foreigners are my best clients, but I am often sent for to theatres in cases of emergency. For instance—" And here followed many interesting reminiscences which must be suppressed.

"Is there not some danger," I asked, "that people who consent to be hired for applause would lend themselves for an opposite purpose? I have heard it said that envy, malice, and uncharitableness are sometimes heard of even in the theatrical world. Might not some performer come to you to arrange a bad reception instead of a good one for the benefit of a rival?"

"The performer might come," said Mr. X., "but it would be rather a waste of time. None of the people in my employ would do such a thing. It would be disreputable, a conspiracy, and would, I believe, come within the province of the law. No, I will not say if I have ever had such a request. It is unnecessary."

"What about your clients?" I said. "Mostly young aspirants for success, I suppose?"

"On the contrary," he replied, "people whose names would surprise you. I never talk of my clients; but, in case you should imagine that I

have been drawing upon my imagination for facts, come into my study and see something of the people who have honoured me at different times."

If I could mention what I saw in the cosy room, what an interesting topic of conversation there would be for my readers! All round the walls were autographed photos of men and women who have, with more gratitude than prudence, confessed their indebtedness to Mr. X. Yet, after the first moment of surprise, the presence of these photos rather confirmed what the applause-provider had told me. The people whose likenesses surrounded me could never need the services of a claque, but they evidently thought they would best get applause at the right moment by outside aid. With very few exceptions they were foreigners, and perhaps this explains the nervousness that has led them to buy approbation. It was curious to reflect that some people, whose names will live for generations among opera-goers, should have been doubtful for a moment about their own undoubted merits. I spent a long time examining a very extensive collection, and left the study with regret.

"Now, Mr. X.," I said unthinkingly, as I shook hands with him, after promising that he should see a proof of this interview, "if you will let me have one of your own photos I shall be glad to in—"

Then I recollected myself, said something about the weather, and hurried off.

THE LATEST "YELLOW BOOK."

For some reason or other the *Yellow Book* has always been treated from the first with a certain *parti pris* somewhat lacking in fairness. In the provinces it is received with upraised hands and quite solemn moral lectures by way of criticism; in town it has been regarded as a huge joke, and made a subject of cheap and facile satire, and all agreed in assuming the *Yellow Book* to be what it never was and is not now—a mere playground for youthful audacity and impropriety to disport itself. This is simply a convention, and is not founded on fact, considering that Mr. Henry James has, of all others, certainly the most influence over its little group of contributors.

Let us say frankly that this number's cover-design is not worthy of its contents, which would be interesting were it only for the contribution of Miss Ella D'Arcy. Her powerful story, "The Web of Maya," is of such an exceedingly high order of merit that, in ranging her among the masters of short story, we do her the barest justice.

Mr. Le Gallienne and Mr. Crackanthorpe are at their best, and there are some other short stories and studies above the average. "The Truce of the Bishop" is a fine piece of work by Mr. Harold Frederic. Who is the "Yellow Dwarf"? His remarks on modern literature are outspoken and entertaining, though we don't agree with him; and "The Queen's Pleasure," by the editor, is a gem, dainty, fascinating, and, in its way, unique.

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DISEN-CHANT-ED!

The County Council has recovered its wits—partially. It is no longer under the glamour of Mrs. Chant, who told us last year that her great object was to drive all the women of a certain class out of the music-halls into the streets, where, in hunger and misery, they might be more amenable to her spiritual ministrations. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, with the serpentine artfulness of his profession, had urged his friends to pester every member of the Council with protests against the Empire licence, remarking that letters from constituents often carried more weight with public men than they deserved. Even this onslaught was withstood by the Council. The eloquence of Mr. Benn and Mr. Costelloe, who made themselves hollow echoes of Mrs. Chant, was equally unavailing. These gentlemen, as Mr. W. M. Thompson aptly suggested, are evidently of opinion that the democracy must have its way in everything except its pleasures. Everybody who is acquainted with public opinion in London knows that Mrs. Chant's crusade was of enormous service to the Moderate Party in the County Council election. The Progressives were severely punished for that brief delirium in which they imagined that the views of Mr. Hugh Price Hughes and Mrs. Chant had finally prevailed over those of the average man. The decisive majority by which the unrestricted licence was granted to the Empire last week shows that there are Progressives to whom the average man is now a more rational tribunal than that which is composed of ignorant crusaders.

Last year the democratic champions of restriction pretended that honest working-men and their wives were insulted at the Empire by the orgies of the promenade. That rubbish has been dropped; but Mr. Benn is still of opinion that there can be no object in having a promenade at all, except as a place of "immoral assignation." With this mighty conviction, why did not Mr. Benn oppose the Alhambra licence, and the licences of other music-halls which have always had promenades? The Alhambra has not been assailed, it appears, because the moralists of the Council had received "no evidence of impropriety" at that house. They would have had plenty of the sort of "evidence" that convinced them last year, had Mrs. Chant extended the area of her midnight excursions. But the truth is that Mr. Benn's theory of the promenade rests upon no unprejudiced observation. He cannot be made to understand that a music-hall is not like a theatre—a place where the nature of the entertainment demands a concentrated attention for several hours; that many people visit a music-hall at a time when it is impossible to get seats; that a considerable space, in which they can move about freely, is necessary to their comfort; that the vast majority of them are there to enjoy the entertainment, and for no other reason. If Mr. Benn were an average man, and not a person of overburdened intellect and inflated morals, he would know that in such a miscellaneous assemblage there must always be a small proportion inclined to vice. The same thing holds good of certain promenades in the London thoroughfares every afternoon; but it has not yet been proposed that these promenades shall be closed to the public because a vigilant eye cannot fail to detect vice, more or less discreetly veiled, or because Mrs. Chant, whose vision is disordered, imagines everybody in the street to be engaged in the encouragement of flaunting infamy. If we do not shut Piccadilly on the ground that it is a place of "immoral assignation," why on earth should we expose the music-halls to the ridiculous experiments of these prancing pioneers of the New Jerusalem?

The change of policy last week was due, no doubt, in great measure to the notorious failure of the restrictions. There was some peddling with additional seats in the promenade behind the Empire stalls, and some drinking-bars were eloquently mute; but the promenade on the grand tier had all its wonted animation, and something more. People were irritated by the drink regulations. The idea that it serves the interests of public virtue to compel a man in a music-hall to leave his place if he needs any refreshment was the silliest feature of the policy which has come so signally to grief. To banish drink altogether would at least be logical; but the assumption that alcohol is less pernicious when it is served at a bar than when it is served in a seat, is just one of those grotesquely meddlesome crazes which cause a maddening inconvenience without doing any good whatever. Besides, if this absurd restriction be necessary to public morals, why is it not imposed in a theatre, where the pitte, in response to the cheery cry of "Ale or stout," orders his moderate tippie and drinks it in peace without moving?

But, although the County Council has come to its senses in regard to the Empire, its treatment of the Palace Music-hall is utterly indefensible. The privileges restored to the one are denied to the other. What is the explanation? The *Chronicle* tells us that what may be granted to a house of the "old type" must be withheld from a house of the "new type." This is a pretty philosophy of licensing! In order that the "new type" may flourish as an exemplar of all the virtues, it is not allowed to compete with the "old type" on equal terms! Would the *Chronicle* like to classify the population in "types," for the purposes of taxation, to increase the burdens of one set of shopkeepers, and lighten the burdens of another set, with some fantastical notion of discriminating between the "new" and the "old"? This would be a quaint method of carrying out the democratic ideal! The Palace shareholders are not unnaturally indisposed to carry this banner of the "new type," and to have so much civic virtue thrust upon them. The only sensible policy is to treat all music-halls alike; but as the County Council, even when it dealt out to the Empire the portion of the ungodly, persisted in regarding the Alhambra as above suspicion, we are not sanguine as to the eventual triumph of good sense and elementary logic.

THE RETURN OF THE "WINDWARD."

A CHAT WITH MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

It may be remembered that last year we gave a very full account of the projected Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition, which had for its object the attainment of the highest latitude, not short even of the Pole itself.



MR. ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH,
AUTHOR OF THE EXPEDITION AND DONOR OF ITS FUNDS.
Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.

"The *Windward* returns to England probably in October," it was then stated. She has done so, for the Scotch whaler arrived in the St. Katharine's Docks last Wednesday, true to time, and as taut as when she started, except for the honourable scars of warfare with the ice on her hull, the absence of her topmasts, parts of her bulwarks, and some internal fittings, which were necessary sacrifices to the furnaces to effect her passage through fields of ice, occupying her some sixty-five days.

"I have read in the daily newspapers," said a *Sketch* representative to Mr. Harmsworth, "voluminous and graphic reports of your expedition, while I am aware that, from a child, you have been fascinated by a desire to pursue exploration

in Arctic regions. I think I am right in saying that, within the last four years, you have acquired the means to gratify your inclinations through the phenomenal success of your periodicals, *Answers*, *Forget-Me-Not*, *inter alia*, while all this time, and longer, Mr. F. G. Jackson was groping, as it were, in the dark, to find a capitalist who would assist him in prosecuting the ambition of his heart, which was to place England in the forefront of Arctic exploration? The inevitable destiny of events followed: the poles of capital and enterprise were brought into conjunction, I believe?"

"Precisely. *Pace* destiny, the history of life seems a mere series of 'flukes'—however, I've no reason to complain, at any rate. It was almost by chance that I heard of Jackson. At the time, he was engaged on a solitary four-thousand mile sledging expedition in Arctic Russia, but I heard enough of him to perceive that he was just the one man in the world I wanted. I despatched a telegram, which was forwarded to Archangel, with instructions that relays of sleighs should be engaged to pursue Mr. Jackson until he could be found, at any cost. Fortunately, his return saved me, in one sense, some expense, but not very much, as I was on a tarpon-fishing expedition in Florida when he wired me."

"Now, have you any 'Had I knowns' to record?" I asked.

"No; that is, nothing materially divergent from our original programme. You must remember that we did not embark on this expedition without advice. We had the assistance of the experience of such well-known heroes of the Arctic as McClintock, the Markhams, Allan Young, Vesey Hamilton, Leigh Smith, Nares, and many others."

"Where did the *Windward* touch when outward bound?"

"After Archangel, where she landed Mr. Herbert Ward, the African explorer (who had, a year previously, seen Nansen off), and Mr. Montefiore, hon. sec. of our expedition, nothing was heard of our vessel till the middle of September last year, when we were informed that she had been sighted

off Vardo. From the daily papers you will have gleaned all particulars of the excursions from headquarters in Franz Josef Land, where, the double-cased doors, roofs, and windows being lined with green felt, the little band felt themselves as if 'enclosed in a gun-case,' in spite of the fact that Polar bears knocked at the door, a compliment occasionally returned by the presence of *des filets d'ours* at the evening meal. The despatches record the photographs, curiosities, specimens both geological and botanical, brought back by the *Windward*, all replete with interest. The scientific notes will, of course, be sent at once to the Royal Geographical Society."

"Is it true, as stated by an evening paper, that the object of your hazardous expedition is to open up commercial relations with the inhabitants of Franz Josef Land?"

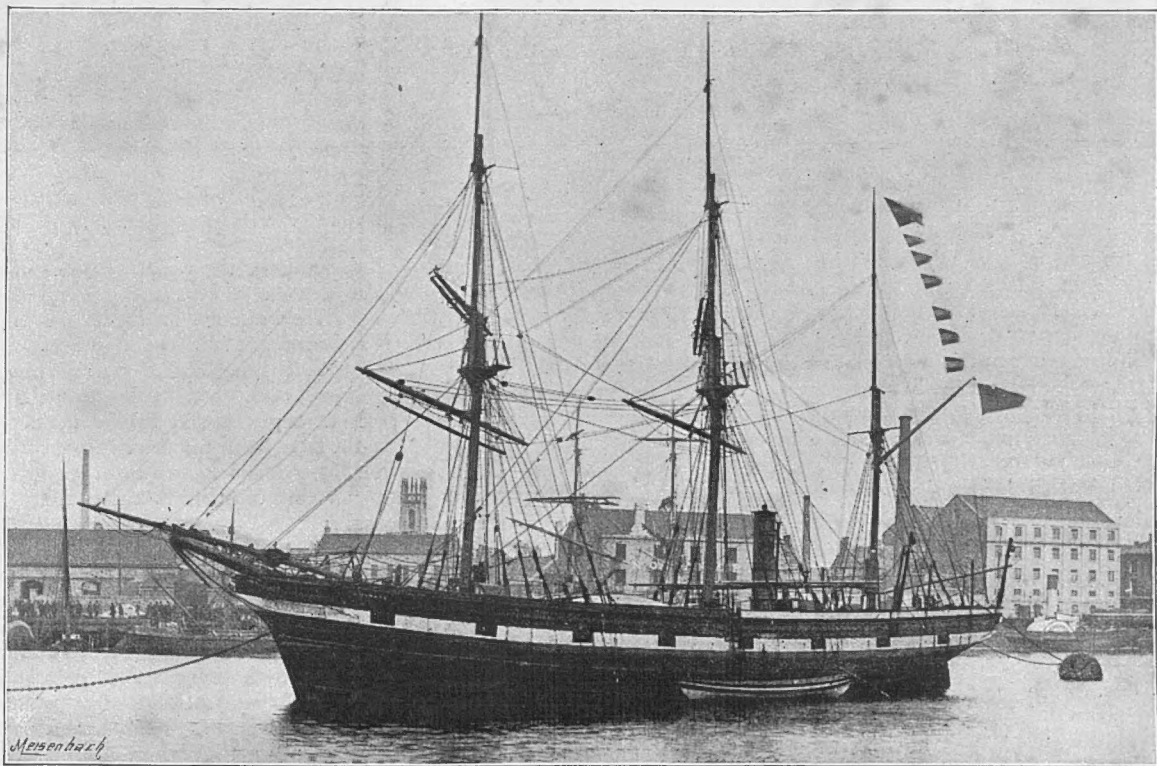
"The evening papers are all very well—I own one myself—but I know of no one with whom to enter into commercial relations in Franz Josef Land beyond the Polar bears, and of these we have slain about thirty, and they have contributed materially in keeping our little company in health. Indeed, the only vegetarian, who couldn't 'abear a bear,' went under. It strikes me that the spirit of the age is conspicuously sordid in imagining that no attempt is made in the direction of acquiring increased knowledge in geography, science, or otherwise, unless cash is to be made, whereas out of the means of the well-to-do progress in science is almost solely to be attained. I don't suppose a more simple-hearted man exists than Jackson. He is an enthusiast, and keenly jealous to plant the British flag ahead of the Stars and Stripes, which, it must be confessed, has been placed some miles further north than our own. Mr. Jackson's ambition, too, is to 'best' the world in the way of scientific search in the great unknown continent, of which previous explorers gave us such imperfect knowledge, planting mountains where there are none, and giving us seas and islands where there is mainland."

"Mr. Jackson is now at 81 deg. 20 min. latitude, I believe? It makes one shiver to think of it."

"Yes, he's within five hundred miles of the Pole. What he proposes I cannot tell you, because before September or October next we shall be quite unable to communicate with him. However, he and his company will have no bad time, I anticipate. Each and every one has his own line of study—almost a hobby, one may describe it. Mr. Jackson has taken out quite a miniature village from England to Russia—a microcosm, in fact. Scientific pursuits and discoveries of an ordinary club evening will not be impossible. It is said that the *Illustrated London News* war correspondents and artists are the only persons often during a campaign who can indulge in champagne (vintage brands) and waterproof tents. I hope that our representatives will be equally capable of taking care of themselves. At any rate, it will be no fault of ours if they don't. You were present at the exhibition in July of the year before last, when the equipment of our expedition, as regards warmth of clothing, alimentary sustenance of the most concentrated kind, and lightness of construction, in respect of portage, seemed to have reached its acme of excellence. However, in pursuing one of my fads, I should not hesitate to launch capital into any enterprise which I thought would benefit mankind."

"Well, here we are, ice-bound for a time—hermetically sealed, in fact."

"Yes, but presently we shall be in the possession of facts that, for their novelty, if not for their interest, will attract great public attention."



THE "WINDWARD."

Photo by G. and W. Morgan, Aberdeen.

THE RETURN OF THE "WINDWARD."

A CHAT WITH JOHN CROWTHER, THE ICE-MASTER.

A short, sturdy, sailorly man, ruddy in his countenance and grizzly as to his hair, bright, twinkling eyes, open and genial in expression, upright in his figure, and with an alert pose of the head which irresistibly convinces you that this man has spent the greater part of his life "on watch"—that is John Crowther, the ice-master of the *Windward*, and, of all living navigators in Arctic Seas, perhaps the most successful.

For John Crowther has done some good things in his time, and he is the only man, living or dead, who has three times made the ice-sheeted coasts of far-away Franz Josef Land. Born just fifty years ago in that nursery of Arctic sailors, Peterhead, it was but natural that he should early take to the sea. Heredity and affinity also helped him, for his father was a captain in the Mercantile Marine, and it was with his uncle, John Simpson, that he made his first voyage when fourteen years of age, and he rose to the rank of harpooner when he was only twenty-two.

For, if the floes lie *across* the current, all the 'lanes' and windings in the ice stretch and twist between the eastern and western points of the compass, and not only make the way twice as long, but often impossible."

"Is it often like this?"

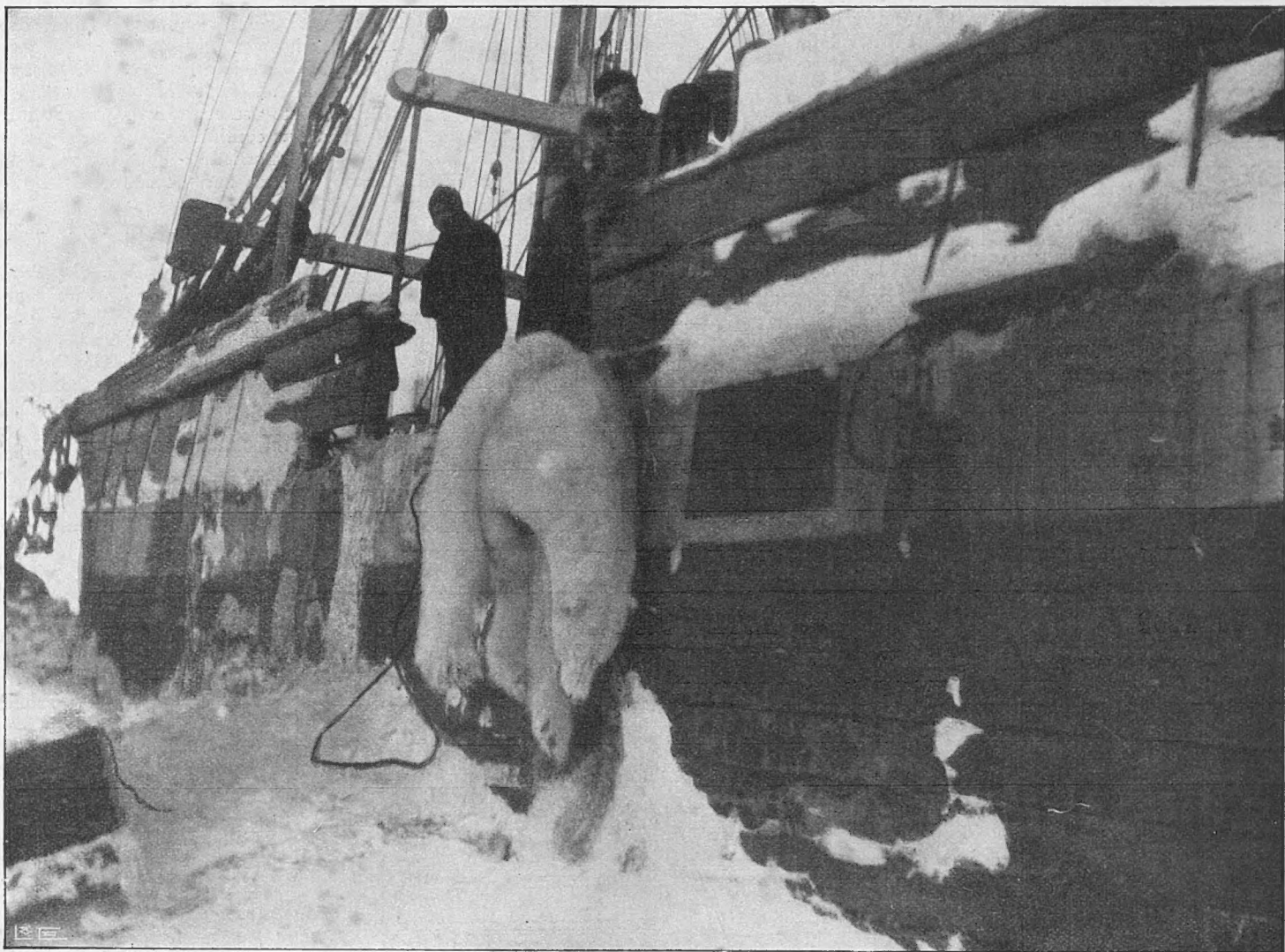
"No," was the reply. "We have, over and over again, encountered better luck, when the floes lay with the currents, and the 'lanes' were pretty straight up and down the 'field.' In this last voyage in the *Windward*, for example, we found the ice very different from what it was in '80 and '81, when I was up with Mr. Leigh Smith. Then the floes lay north and south with the current, and we found little difficulty in getting through. Last year, when we first met with the pack, the floes lay athwart the current, and, if I had taken to the ice directly I met it, the *Windward* would never have got through to Franz Josef Land at all."

"But what did you do, then?"

"I waited," was the bluff reply, "and, sure enough, we came across a big leading north."

"Do you attach great importance to the wind's influence on the ice?"

"Yes, and no. The wind will open the ice, and will close it—it



HAULING A BEAR UP INTO THE "WINDWARD."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BROUGHT BACK BY THE EXPEDITION.

But there are a few whalers who rise above this rank, and, after passing the examinations of the Mercantile Marine, reach the grade of mate and second mate. The quality of these men is usually very good, and no one could wish for hardier seamen; and of such as these is John Simpson Crowther, the leading ice-master of the day. He has repeatedly sailed with such men as Captain John Gray, in the *Hope*, Captain Bruce, and Captain Murray, in the old *Perseverance*. Under them he has seen much service, and wintered no fewer than three times in the Cumberland Gulf region. Twice he went north to Franz Josef Land with Leigh Smith, and on the second occasion he was wrecked, the ship being lost near the cape on which the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition safely wintered this last year. He has now just returned from his third voyage to that inhospitable coast, and looks not merely none the worse, but even all the better, it seems to me, for his latest and perhaps most interesting experience.

"The chief difficulty of navigating a ship in the ice," said this ice-master, "depends on the character of the ice itself—that is, as a rule. For, if the ice lie with the currents, and lie pretty still, there is every opportunity for a ship to make light of her position."

"How do you mean—'lie with the current'?"

"Well, supposing that the current runs from north to south, and the ice-floes stretch in an east to west direction, you would have an example of what I mean when I say that the pack was unfavourable.

all depends on the quarter from which it comes; but I think the currents have more effect on the general drift of the ice."

"What chance is there for a ship to go further north than the *Windward* got?"

"Well, not much. There was a goodish bit of land-water this summer, and, with a large reserve of coal, we might have made some distance further to the north by going up the west coast. But it would have been uncertain work, and, as Mr. Jackson was going there in the *Mary Harmsworth* after we left, the risk was not worth taking."

"What outlook is there for Mr. Jackson if he goes up the west coast?"

"Who knows? But I do say that I believe he would make a long way to the north by that route; his boat is very suitable, his men are fit, there is a long stretch of open land-water, and I don't know anything if Mr. Jackson is not the very man to go a long way north."

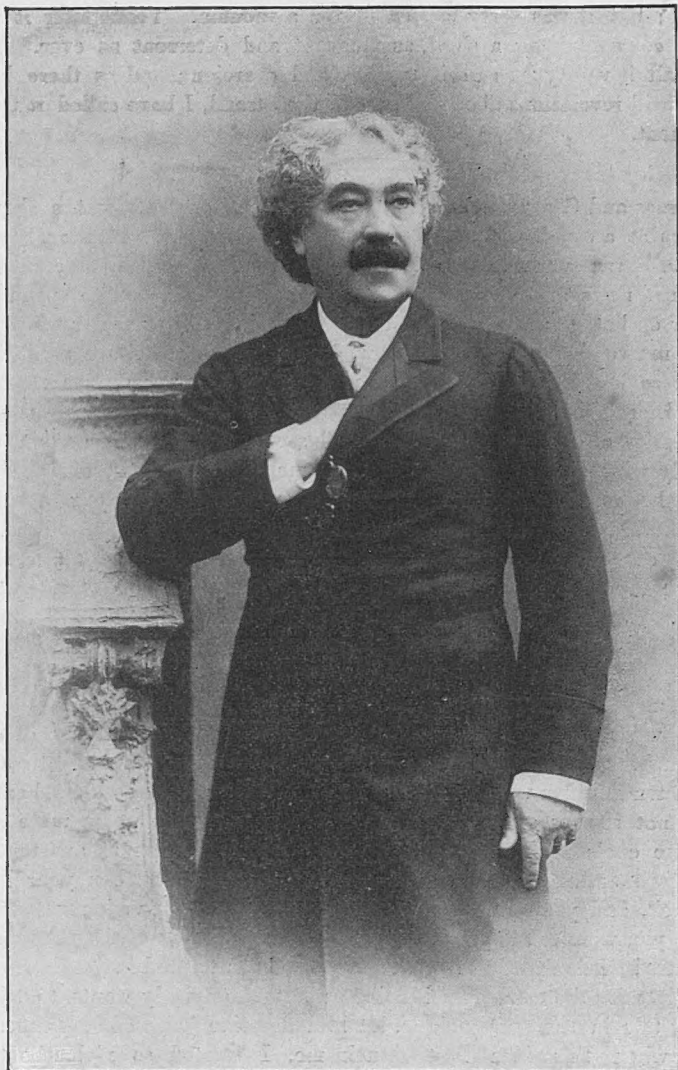
"How about the pack-ice—would not that be a risk?"

"Yes, if the wind set right in shore. The way in which the pack-ice comes in is one of the most wonderful things in the Arctic regions. Suddenly, and with hardly any warning, it will come in shore with the tide or before the wind, and it will just walk up over the miles of shore-ice which skirt the coast, and march up on the land almost like a living thing. Then it will stop, but it is broken up by this time and forms huge crevasses and hillocks."

THE NEW DEPARTURE AT THE EMPIRE.

A CHAT WITH MR. SIMS REEVES.

I found Mr. Sims Reeves in his sitting-room at a well-known London hotel (writes a *Sketch* representative). He was far from well, but very kindly consented to spare me a few moments and discuss the condition of things that has led him to give his valuable services to the lighter stage.



MR. SIMS REEVES.

Photo by Barrauds, Ltd., Oxford Street, W.

"The news of your engagement has created considerable comment," I said, "and many people are very anxious to hear about it from your own lips."

"The change that has made my proceeding possible," said the great tenor reflectively, "is one that has come over the music-halls during the past eight or ten years. Formerly they were devoted to a class of entertainment in which it was impossible to participate. People went to be amused, without much caring how, and managements were usually careless, to say the least. To-day the old order of things is forgotten. The best houses, notably the Empire, Palace, and Alhambra, offer a splendid entertainment, in which vulgarity plays no part. Their patrons themselves show a desire for what is intellectual—for Art, or that which nearly approaches Art. I have seen the change with pleasure, and honestly feel that I am serving the public best by helping to raise the music-hall to the level to which it is rapidly ascending."

"You are satisfied with the intelligence of your audience, then?"

"Perfectly," he replied. "Of course, I need not tell you that the Empire directorate is paying me very highly for my services, but I may truly say that in accepting their offer I am endeavouring to contribute my mite to the improvement of the public, and I am assured that in engaging me they are acting with the same idea."

"Has the public taste improved to any noticeable extent during the last decade?" I asked.

"To a surprising extent," responded Mr. Sims Reeves. "I recently sang on a Sunday night at Queen's Hall, and I was delighted with the attention of the audience. It is true that the orchestra played splendidly, but good playing will not always meet with the approval it deserves. However, on this occasion I found that nearly every technical beauty in the score was seized upon with appreciation. Every little effect of phrasing and orchestration seemed to be noted, and the attitude of the public could not fail to be very pleasing to a musician."

"You will find our foggy season rather trying, will you not?"

"I fear so," was the reply; "but I shall in future change the attitude I have adopted towards the public. I am glad of this opportunity of stating these facts. I have, in the past, been absolutely abused

for not appearing at concerts at which I have been advertised to sing, but I have always kept away because I did not care to sing unless I was in good voice. When my throat has been affected I have stopped away, thinking that I was serving the best interests of my audience in so doing. For the future, I shall act differently. If I am not well enough to do as well as I should like to, I will claim the indulgence of the audience and do my best. I will not disappoint again, and I should like the public to know why I have felt compelled to in the past."

"I will write what you have said," I remarked; "but why have you not silenced grumblers with this piece of news? They are inconsiderate, perhaps, although you will acknowledge that, when one goes to hear Mr. Sims Reeves, it is a big disappointment not to find him?"

"I never reply to my critics," replied the great singer; "and, believe me, I am as sorry to be unable to keep an appointment as my greatest censor can be. I have at length come to the conclusion I have just mentioned, and shall abide by it."

"One last question," I said, in conclusion; "have you been sought after by any other of the music-halls?"

"From time to time," said Mr. Sims Reeves, "I have had various good offers, but the moment had not come for me to accept them."

Then, with a final request for a photograph, the interview terminated. It was a very pleasant chat, for Mr. Sims Reeves is by no means inclined to pose as *laudator temporis acti*, and there was no need to ask him to recount the story of his past professional career, for wherever intelligent people congregate it is known. What impressed me most was the extreme vitality of the illustrious tenor, his quick grasp of a situation, the way he has kept in touch with the changes that have sprung up in the world of music. Last, but not least, his confidence in and love for the public deserve recognition. Mr. Sims Reeves will not rest on his laurels; he will continue bravely, despite ill-health and increasing years, to do what is in him for the people who have ever loved to hear him.

SIX FIJIAN PRINCES.

The group represents six members of the Fijian royal family, close connections, grandsons and nephews, of Thakombau, last King of Fiji, each having very high-sounding titles of their own. They are educated men, and composed half of the Fijian team of cricketers that went over to play the New Zealanders a few months ago, the other half being constituted of Europeans from Suva. They are presented in their cricketing-dress of white linen *lava lavas* and blue cloth jackets, their legs and feet bare, but shapely, and well polished with cocoanut oil. Their hair stands on end like a thick doormat; no hats of known design would rest on it, so they wear none. It is trained into this state of rigid erectness by frequent applications of lime, which is washed out before a public appearance is made, but has a strong tendency to turn their dark locks red. They are magnificent men, tall, handsome, and of very stately carriage, every movement being full of grace and dignity. In the latter points they put the Englishmen in the cricket-field quite in the shade. In manners they are affable and courteous. I met two of them in the drawing-room of a friend of mine in Wellington, where they conducted themselves with the ease of perfect gentlemen, and wrote their names in the hostess's birthday-book in educated English handwriting. One of them, Tamasia by name (the one to the extreme right of the picture), is studying for the medical profession in the University at Suva; and the other, standing next but one to him, Tui, Lord of Souwou, was at college for some years in Sydney. It may be of interest to English cricketers to know that, out of seven games played in the seven principal towns of New Zealand, the Fijian team won three and were beaten in two, the remaining games being drawn.



THE PRINCES.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Many years ago, I emerged one afternoon from a barber's in the Strand with seven-and-sixpence worth of pomatum. I had gone in with the simple intent to have my hair cut; the distressing tendency of my hair to riotous extravagance has always been remarked by my friends. The barber—I can see him now—was a sort of incarnate spirit of Macassar; his head was brushed and oiled to a perfection which shone disdainfully upon me in the mirror opposite. He went about his work with that cold and butcherly resolve I have often noticed in barbers as soon as they grip the shears. A philosopher would say, no doubt, that they have the defects of their qualities; they would take all your hair off, and your head as well, if you did not restrain them with a challenging eye. There was a swish of scissors, and in a twinkling I was almost blinded by a shower of hair, like falling leaves in autumn. "Head a little more this side—thank you—rather warm to-day—beg pardon—hair tickling your nose?—I think you said shampoo?" The next moment I was gazing into the subterranean passage of the basin (once declared by a medical journal to be one of the avenues of death); suds rushed into my eyes, and a scalding sensation, promptly changed to freezing, pursued the gallop of luxury. "Towel for the face," said the voice from the pinnacle of superiority above me; another towel and a pair of fists fought for the possession of my head. "Hard brush," remarked the pinnacle; my skull whirled violently, like a dissolute piece of clock-work; and then, gripping the chair by both arms, I beheld myself in the glass, a strange object with starting eyeballs, and the pinnacle aloft, unruffled and smiling.

Perhaps it was because I was so young that this plan of battle succeeded. Scissors, suds, hard brush—horse, foot, and artillery—had reduced me to gasping subjection. The pinnacle looked at me with a snake-like glitter in his eye. "What will you have on?" "N-nothing," I panted. He frowned. "Nothing? Gentlemen always have something on in this shop. You can't go out with your hair like a bundle of hay. A nice sort of advertisement that would be! Do you want to bring discredit on our business?" I weakly disclaimed any such design. "Then here's the very wash for your kind of hair." He spoke of my kind of hair as if it hurt his professional dignity. "It has been awfully neglected, but we'll do our best for you." He rubbed the horrid stuff into my head with an oily smack, and then proceeded to part my hair on one side. "In the middle," I murmured faintly. Now, it so happened that, a few days before, I had reached that turning-point in a man's career, the parting of the ways, so to speak, where an inspiration—he knows not whence—divides his locks, like the Red Sea on a historic occasion. (Mine, I had better state, were brown!) I had stood before the glass one morning, seized by this great idea, but somewhat fearful of the world's opinion. In a certain stratum of society, there used to be, I regret to say, a prevalent belief that parting your hair in the middle is a symptom of foppery. That troubled me; so did the reluctance of my hair to adapt itself to this new condition of enlightenment; so did the discovery, when I visited a theatre in the evening, that "I part my hair in the middle" was the merriest line in a topical song in the successful burlesque of "Romulus and Remus." I had a morbid suspicion that the eye of the pit was upon me; I felt more like Remus than Romulus—poor, mythical Remus, who was cut off so early! And as I looked at the barber, I wondered whether the wolf, who was supposed to have suckled the legendary Roman twins, and who, doubtless, combed their hair of a morning, would have suppressed this parting in the middle as an intolerable affectation.

The barber paused, and played a disagreeable tune on the teeth of the comb with his thumb. "You'll want a deal of hair-wash," he said thoughtfully, "if you part your hair like that. It ain't natural, you see, to your kind of hair."—Again, *my* kind! "But I daresay you can manage it with a bottle or two of our fragrant and effervescent deterrent effluent. You see, sir, your hair sticks up now, and the parting can't be seen, which is a pity. What you must do is to get the hair to lie down." He talked as if it were a too vivacious dog! "Some gentlemen wear their hair just a little up, and then we give them our pungent and tangent Barbarian elixir. We call it after the King of Barbary, who was in the shop every day when he was last in town. No, the deterrent effluent is the thing for you—quite free from grease. You'll have a lovely parting in a month; and now I look at you, I see that down the middle suits the counter of your brow." He may have meant contour, but I didn't venture to correct him. "Yes, we keep it in two sizes, twelve-and-six and seven-and-six. Small

size? It won't go so far. Very well. Anything else in the shop? Thank you. Hair sixpence, shampoo sixpence, deterrent effluent, fragrant and effervescing, seven-and-six—eight and sixpence—good day." Then, as I have said, I emerged from that barber's with seven-and-sixpence worth of pomatum. In those days a half-sovereign dispensed a week's dinners to a lank youth who plodded every day in Paternoster Row with orders for what a distant corner of the British Empire supposed to be literature. He could not dine off pomatum; its effluence might strike the eye, and its fragrance might entertain the nostril; but it was sorry provender for a vacuum. Years later it was found cobwebbed on a shelf, as fragrant and deterrent as ever. You may call it vanity; I call it tyranny and coercion; and as there have been lurid revelations about barbers in the Strand, I have called it up in judgment.

Muses and Graces forbid that I should be thought to cast a slur on barbers as a class! When I sit in a luxurious chair in the shop of Messrs. Parnassus and Peppermint, where I receive a liberal education in Court news and racing "fixtures," I am never asked to spend my money on bottles, large or small size. Indeed, I often wonder who buys these marvellous preparations now, for our curled darlings are by no means so lavishly oiled as of yore. Adonis does not diffuse essences down Piccadilly; nor do his seniors part their hair behind, as was once the fashion of elderly bucks. You still see that parting in certain low-comedy wigs, and it always suggests to me some oversight of Darwin's when he was tracing the descent of man. Among our arboreal ancestors, that parting at the back of the head may have been the stamp of aristocracy; or it may have been devised by the male to give the irate female as slight a hold as possible on his retreating figure. But, as I say, when I visit the premises of Parnassus and Peppermint, and gaze with impunity on the rows of phials, handsomely stoppered, and kept, no doubt, purely for decoration, and when a practised hand moves daintily over my *chevelure*, and a suave voice speaks to me of the pleasures and adventures of the fashionable world, I look back on those years of storm and stress, in which ten minutes with a barber were like hours of breathless hazard. I am not always sure, even now, that this repose is not a mere lull. Suppose one's implacable enemy were to take a place as assistant to Parnassus and Peppermint, and just at the moment when your head lies back, and your jugular vein is bared to the razor which is shaving "up," you were to see your imminent doom by a flash of recognition in the glass! I don't think this situation has been treated in fiction, and it is too late for the Christmas Numbers; but if anybody wants to tell a cheery tale in the family circle, let him describe (with embellishments) how, when this idea first struck me, I started so violently that Mr. Parnassus, an amiable old gentleman in spectacles, who sat at his desk, reading an evening paper, ejaculated "Bless my soul!" as though he actually saw blood spirting over his unimpeachable towels!

This may be the wild imagining of a nervous temperament; but I fancy it has something to do with the gruesome practice of shaving oneself. Life begins anew for me every day with the razor. My first dreamy sensation is that bed is the only fortress of the mind, from which opinion I am in nowise dislodged by the thought of a rapidly cooling breakfast in the adjoining room. Early rising has, I take it, been abolished by a mature civilisation; but why does not some potent philosopher expose the evils of rising at all? If nobody rose, where would be the complicated bothers of existence, the law's delay, and the rest of the mischiefs which Hamlet recited without perceiving that bed is much better than sticking yourself with a bare bodkin? Stirred from this engaging speculation by that enemy of peace, the watch, with its sleepless tick, and its smooth, mocking face, I shamble towards the bath. Even that does not rouse me from the blessed torpor which is one of Nature's richest endowments; 'tis when I strop the razor that the actuality of a new day begins to steal through my veins. The first touch of the keen edge introduces the first idea, so surprising an advent that the razor turns inward, and the new-comer is christened at a small red font. If the ideas are numerous, I finish shaving, gashed like a German student, or a Montenegrin after some affray which eclipses Marathon and Thermopylæ. If there are no ideas, the vacancy of the morning is celebrated just the same by a crimson foam. Near the jugular there remains a tract of stubble which I dare not shave "up," lest a too brilliant idea, or a too vivid sense of barrenness, should abruptly end my career. You might be immaculately shaved by one of the young men of Mr. Parnassus; but then there would be no glorious scars to remind you of the spiritual visitations with which, perhaps, you were braced for the daily round.

"TRILBY": ITS AUTHOR.

Theatrically speaking, "Trilby" has supplanted the no longer very juvenile "My Sweetheart." For weeks past, in the great towns of the Midlands and the North, the cry has been "Trilby is coming!" And when she has come—behold, a city prostrate at her rosy, naked feet! To-day, at the Haymarket, she is due at last, to be subjected to the critical glance of what actors call "treacherous London." And within a week this shoeless goddess of the Latin Quarter, and the man who called her from the clouds, will be the best-talked-of people here, at the fount of the gossip of the world. For this is to be the subject of a "boom"—that coronation of success from which, I verily believe, modest Mr. Du Maurier shrinks.

The explanation is that "a 'boom' revolutionises your existence, and, for a man of sixty-two, the process is a little painful." "If you're young—well, then, I suppose it's another thing. Then it's unalloyed enjoyment—perhaps; though none of the 'boomed' could remember without a blush that Thackeray never was paid the compliment." (Thackeray is to Mr. Du Maurier what Ibsen is to Mr. William Archer, and almost what Charles's head was to Mr. Dick; hence the diversion—and regret.) But, at three-score years, a "boom" has an explosive force which carries a certain amount of destruction with it.

"Trilby" in the beginning was just "a little story to amuse myself," Mr. Du Maurier says; but, like Topsy, it "grewed," and grewed to such a height that a quarter of a million books, placed one upon the other, will not top the head of this Titanic favourite. It is this which, I gather, at once delights and distresses her fortunate creator. She *was* a pet child of his brain. She *is*—well, something so magnificent and overpowering that Frankenstein and his Monster suggest themselves for parallel. And now too that, like most society beauties, Trilby has gone upon the stage, imagine what her author's life must be!

Not only are many of "our most distinguished citizens" still desirous to shake him by the hand, not only are travellers from Rome, Nice, where you will, possessed with a belief that they have sought this colder clime simply to look upon the embarrassed novelist; but, since his heroine took to "the boards," he has been called upon to wrestle with the army of the unemployed!

"Will Mr. Du Maurier be so very kind as to" sit in judgment upon beauty? And how can a gentleman so fond of, and nearly related to, "Paris" refuse? So the old classical scene is partly re-enacted. He must interview would-be Trilbys, all "daughters of the gods, divinely tall and," some, "divinely fair." And then, of course, arises the question of the foot—that marvellous foot, the envy and the wonder of womankind. For it is a case of "Ex pede Herculem!" "When a girl is a Hercules, will her foot be like his club?" Others there are, Trilbys *in posse* also, who are *vox et præterea nihil*. They do not act—do not even profess to, which is saying a good deal—but they are willing, like old Trapbois, "for a consecration," to reproduce Trilby's voice of gold, and enthrall the house, in the great song-scene, from behind the wings. So this, too, is undergone, for who could refuse to hear a voice of gold? All this is to be the subject of a "boom," and the happy sharer in the rights of a supremely profitable play.

Though it must not be understood from this that Mr. Du Maurier is dramatist as well. That the book would ever be dramatised never entered his mind. With Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Juliet, he can lay his hand upon his heart and solemnly aver, "it is an honour that I dreamed not of." Indeed, the very first he heard of it was that it was done, and would he consent to the production? Naturally he would, for are not golden apples the fruits of the stage? And, characteristically, but perhaps not so naturally, seeing what poor human nature is, Mr. Du Maurier disclaims all part and lot in the success the play has everywhere had.

To Mr. Potter, the American playwright who adapted it, the giant

share of the due credit falls; and to Mr. Tree, all that remains. Such tiny portion as may be said to belong to the author proper is embraced indeed in this: that during a couple of days at Folkestone Mr. Tree and he went over and over the first two acts of the American version, altering here, revising there. The last two he was content to leave entirely in the actor's hands. This, I argue, reveals great confidence in the ability, the tact, the skill of Mr. Tree, and I learn that my argument is solid and sound. Of the Haymarket Svengali, Mr. Du Maurier will say nothing, for he cannot. He has not yet seen it: in this, presenting an analogous case to that of Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mr. Pinero, who never betray the slightest anxiety to witness one of their own plays. But of Mr. Tree as suggester, adviser, expander, and vitaliser, Mr. Du Maurier is eloquent in praise.

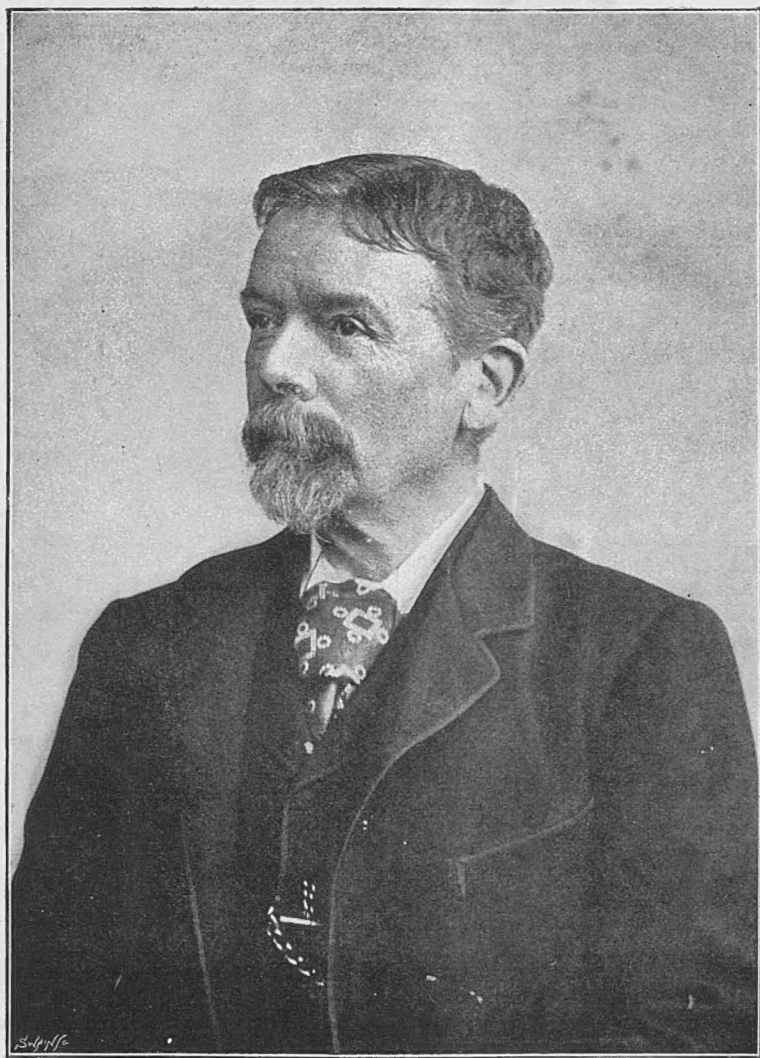
"He is a man of enthusiasm, of imagination," says this generous *laudator Tempter-is Actori*; and entertains no shadow of a doubt that his Svengali will be the hypnotic Hebrew as to the manner born. "This is the Jew that Du Maurier drew" is to be the verdict, I can see. In spite, however, of his perceptible interest in the question of Mr. Tree's personal triumph at the Haymarket this evening, and in that of Miss Baird, whose selection for Trilby was all his own doing, I detect in Mr. Du Maurier's gentle cross-examination of his interviewer a surprising curiosity with regard to "one of the minor players." It seems that he attaches enormous importance to the way in which Dodor, the dashing dragoon, is, as the critics call it, "sustained." Later on I pluck out the heart of this mystery: Dodor is acted by one Mr. Du Maurier.

Of the new book, finished a month or two since, Mr. Du Maurier has something to tell. "I return to the past once more, to student days and artist life in Düsseldorf and Antwerp, to the Paris and the London of nearly half a century ago." "My schooldays have entered largely into this." And "once again I make use of the supernatural." Of the supernatural in its relation to science, Mr. Du Maurier takes no account. "Some hypnotist authorities say 'Trilby' is conceivable; some, with greater emphasis, say not. But, *que voulez-vous*? It was a little tale, woven in a quiet corner to amuse myself, and such as cared to be amused. It has no 'message'! And my 'super-naturals' must do just as I, and not the scientists, may choose!" "But the scientists, I think,

whatever they thought of me, would not despise some of my correspondence. For, since 'Peter Ibbetson' appeared (the better book, if my judgment were sought!) letters have poured in upon me, dealing with double-dreaming and strange, fantastic phenomena—literature enough to base another Psychological Research Society upon."

In all these things, however, Mr. Du Maurier finds no particular attraction—save as stimulating subjects of speculation. Science he left, for good and all, behind, when, forty years ago, he turned his back upon chemistry as the study of his life, and flung himself into the arms of his beloved mistress, Art. And it is always to her that he still turns—to the desk, severely unadorned, which serves for easel, studio, and all; that desk from which have been evolved for *Punch* who shall say how many pictures of gracious women and "young Greek gods" of men; to the corner, "the quiet corner," in which he weaves his "little tales," and in which he seems to beg that he may in peace be allowed to forget "booms," and be of "booms" forgot.

The first performance of "Trilby" will be very happily accompanied by the exhibition of the whole of the studies, over three hundred in number, which Mr. Du Maurier made to illustrate the novel. These have been purchased by the Fine Art Society, and the private view will be held at their galleries on Friday. Mr. George Beauchamp, excellently made up as Svengali, is singing a song about the villain of the book. It is written by Mr. Richard Morton.



MR. DU MAURIER.

Photo by Barrauds, Ltd., Oxford Street, W.

"TRILBY": ON THE STAGE.

To-night will undoubtedly be the most interesting theatrical occasion in London, when Mr. Tree presents us with "Trilby." The career of the play has been one long triumph. America is still quite mad over it, and in the provinces Mr. Tree has had a series of successes. How will London take to her when Trilby comes to Town?—

October days are often chill,
Drear are November fogs,
And when the winter winds blow shrill
You pile the fire with logs;
Yet there will flash on darkening night,
On days that mostly frown,
"A little warmth, a little light,"
When Trilby comes to Town.

She swept the States within her train
(Ere conquering Mr. Tree)—
From San Francisco up to Maine,
And down to Tennessee;
Kentucky, Kansas, and Quebec
Before her charms went down,
And must her luck receive a check
When Trilby comes to Town?

The world had never seen such feet,
Nor yet so strange a maid;
As woman neat; yet quite as sweet
In mannish masquerade.
She sang an old, forgotten song,
And yet it brought renown;
Will London join her lover throng
When Trilby comes to Town?

Ah, fickle London! When she came
In days long since gone by—
With quite a European fame—
She came, alas! to die;
Her song, the gods of Drury Lane
With hoots and hisses drown,
Perhaps they'll cheer when once again
Poor Trilby comes to Town.

In the many notices that have appeared about Miss "Trilby" Baird, sufficient reference has not been made to the manager, Mr. Ben Greet, who had sufficient faith in her capabilities to give her her first chance on the stage, and who generously released her when the great chance of playing Trilby came. Mr. Greet is one of the cleverest comedians and character actors on the contemporary stage, and under his tuition Miss Baird has gained good experience. Mr. Greet saw her play Galatea in some amateur performances of Mr. Gilbert's play at Oxford in June 1894, and he showed his discernment by offering her an engagement. She joined him at the beginning of the following August, and was a member of his company from that date down to the time of her engagement with Mr. Tree. During the time she was with Mr. Greet she undertook many parts in his extensive repertoire of plays, including such rôles as Constance Neville in "She Stoops to Conquer," Kitty Clive in "Masks and Faces," Georgina Vesey in "Money," Lady Henry Fairfax in "Diplomacy," and Hippolyta in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In the last-named rôle she made her first bow to a London audience in Mr. Greet's beautiful revival of the piece at the Métropole, Camberwell.

Last spring Mr. Greet gave the annual Birthday-week performances at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, and Miss Baird won golden opinions by her performance as Rosalind, in place of Miss Beatrice Lamb, who was taken ill. When Mr. Greet transplanted his elaborate revival of the "Winter's Tale" from Stratford-on-Avon, Miss Baird replaced Miss Lamb as Hermione, and made such a good impression that Mr. Greet gave her the leading parts in "The Two Roses" and "The Lady of Lyons."

After his spring tour had ended, she rejoined Mr. Greet, to play Viola, Rosalind, and Hero, during his summer season of Pastoral Plays, and was rehearsing for his autumn tour, on which she was to support

Mr. H. B. Irving, as leading lady, when she was offered the part of Trilby. It will be seen that she was not the absolute novice that she has been wrongly represented. On the contrary, she had served the best possible apprenticeship in the best possible school. Miss Baird herself

gratefully acknowledges how much she owes to Mr. Greet's guidance and help, and also his kindness in releasing her at the last moment, and at great personal inconvenience, that she might create the part of Trilby.

Mr. Greet has had the satisfaction of seeing many former members of his company make their mark—notably, Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Among others may be mentioned Miss Mona K. Oram, who has lately left Mr. F. R. Benson's company, and who made a charming Jessica at the *matinée* of "The Merchant of Venice," at the Gaiety, the other day. It is well for the stage that, while it has no Academy, it should have such able and cultured enthusiasts as Mr. Greet to uphold its best traditions, and afford opportunities to youthful talent. Mr. Greet's School of Dramatic Art, lately founded in Bedford Street, should do much for the immediate future of the stage. Mr. Greet is now on tour, his revival of the "Winter's Tale" being received with great enthusiasm on all sides.

It has come to pass that the fickle British public, to whom "Git yer 'air cut" was as a hymn, and "Ta-Ra," &c., a National Anthem, has caught the American-made Trilby mania. Anticipating Mr. Beer-bohm Tree and Miss Dorothea Baird, of whom we hear so much, Miss Marie Lloyd has got a Trilby song, which is taking the public of the music-halls by storm. I hear she has been engaged by the Tivoli management to sing it at an extra late turn and an extra high fee after finishing her turns in the East-End. I have heard Miss Marie Lloyd on and off the stage for some years past, and I have read "Trilby" with great care; but I am as far from finding any point of resemblance between Mr. Du Maurier's heroine and the heroine of "Wink the other eye" as I am from finding out the extraordinary merits of "Trilby" itself. The American mania makes the book no better and no worse; but, to my mind, it fares very badly before cold, analytical criticism. However, the British public must have something to play with, and the book, despite its illustrations, is better than "Ta-Ra," &c.

Mr. Wilton Lackaye, who created the part of Svengali in America, has just been married to Miss Alice Evans, an actress. Mr. Lackaye, who is thirty-three, is the most prominent of the younger actors of the American stage. A native of Virginia, he adopted the stage as a profession twelve years ago. He first played in "Cad the Tomboy," and his first great success was won as the Portuguese lover in "Featherbrain." He made a great hit in "Roger la Honte," and became a member of Daly's company. Lackaye soon resigned, because dissatisfied with the rôles assigned him. For several years he had important parts in every notable metropolitan production, and then became leading man of Mr. A. M. Palmer's stock company. His bride is a dainty blonde beauty. She and Lackaye, I learn from an American scribe, have been lovers for years, and this summer Miss Evans took a minor position with the "Trilby" company, so as to be near Mr. Lackaye. And she's only twenty-two now,



MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AS TRILBY.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen is to leave Balmoral on Friday, Nov. 15, after luncheon, and is to arrive at Windsor Castle about nine o'clock on Saturday morning. Her Majesty is to reside at Windsor until Friday, Dec. 20, and will then proceed to Osborne for about nine weeks. Nothing has yet been definitely settled about the Queen's trip to the Continent, except that her Majesty will go abroad towards the end of March for five or six weeks.

There has been an unpleasant change in the weather on Deeside during the past week, and it has become very cold and damp; and, although the Queen drives out every afternoon, it is getting rather late in the year for long excursions. The Queen and the royal party have, however, lunched twice at the Glassalt Shiel, and also at the cottage in the Alt-na-Guisachs, near Lochnagar. Deer-stalking and driving in the royal forests at Balmoral and Ballochbuie cease this week for the season. Good sport has been had, a large number of stags having been shot.

of the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden. The Queen of Denmark, the Princess of Wales and her daughters, and some of the other royal personages staying at the Castle, went by special train to Elsinore, and crossed the Sound to Helsingborg in the steam ferry. The party lunched at Sophiero, and passed the afternoon there in the charming grounds, returning by the same route to Fredensborg in the evening.

The Empress Frederick, who has been residing for nearly six months at Friedrichshof, her château in the Taunus Hills, near Cronberg, is to leave that place this week for the season. The Empress will probably arrive at Windsor Castle, on a visit to the Queen, towards the end of November, and proposes to stay in England for three weeks before going to Italy to pass the winter at Rome and Naples.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife leave Mar Lodge this week for the season, and, after staying in town for a few days, will go to Sandringham on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, before settling in Norfolk for the winter. A great number of stags have been killed in Mar Forest during the last two months, and some exceedingly fine heads were



MISS PENSIVE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

During the absence of the Court at Balmoral, the Grand Corridor at Windsor Castle has been redecorated, and several additions made in the furniture and fittings. The corridor, which was designed from a suggestion made by George IV., is certainly the finest thing in the Castle, or at least, in the private apartments. It is filled from end to end with cabinets and objects of art, and the china alone is worth some forty thousand pounds. There are some splendid portraits of great historical interest among the pictures, the majority of which, however, are works representing the principal domestic events of the Queen's reign, the one of chief merit among this series being Wilkie's picture of "Her Majesty's First Council."

The Princess of Wales returned to Marlborough House last week from Denmark, after an absence from England of more than ten weeks. The party at Fredensborg have passed most of their time this year in the gardens and parks, and in making excursions to Fredericksborg Castle, Elsinore, and other places of interest in the neighbourhood, and there was usually a trip to Copenhagen every few days. There were several hunting-parties in the extensive forests around Fredensborg, and a great number of deer, hares, and foxes were shot, the best sport being obtained in the Grib Woods. The royal party also diverted themselves frequently with boating and fishing in the lake. An expedition was also made to the beautiful château of Sophiero, on the Sound, the residence

secured. The salmon-angling in the Dee has been fairly successful during the autumn, and the Duchess of Fife has landed several fine fish with her own rod. The Duke of Fife has about seventeen miles of fishing on the Dee, from the top of the Glen down to the Invercauld boundary; but the best sport is usually obtained in May and June.

Mr. John Mackay's death was a horrible business. A restive pony flung him against a tree, and his eyes were crushed into his head. The pony dashed into another tree, and was killed on the spot. The unfortunate young man, who remained conscious for several hours before his death, bore his frightful suffering with the greatest fortitude.

Of English as she is spoke or written we have had many samples, but of French as she is spoke by the English on the other side of the Channel not so many, though, still, a few. A friend in the "gay city" writes me of a daughter of Albion who, anxious to make her way to the historic towers of stately Notre Dame, hailed a cabby in the following terms: "Cochon, cochon, êtes vous fiancé? Non? Eh bien! Voulez-vous apporter moi à l'église de Notre Dame?" What the coachman thought of the invitation, whether he saw the humour of it and decided that, as it was not Leap Year, he might safely accept the engagement, I cannot say, but he took the lady to church like a dutiful cabby, and, I hope, was rewarded with his proper fare.

If we still had in our midst a Douglas Jerrold, and I were commissioned to give him the subject for a humorous essay, I would choose our modern male headgear. It is so very ridiculous and so very compulsory, and men who know better are so thoroughly content to bow to convention's decrees rather than strike a blow for their emancipation in the matter of hats. The style of silk hat worn by our forefathers had some excuse in it; there was something ornate and graceful about the old beavers. To-day we are insensibly relapsing towards a hideousness that is driving conscientious men to soft felts and sombrero shapes, despite the cries of outraged street Arabs, who know that ridicule is the only effective method of killing an Englishman's good intentions. I have just heard of a smart trick played upon a friend of mine by a Parisian hatter. He went to a shop in gay Lutetia and purchased a hat marked with the unfamiliar name of a Park Lane firm. On his return to town he journeyed to Park Lane in order to find out the shop he had never seen. Needless to say, if he had decided not to come away without finding the place, he would be there still. It was what, I am told, is a common Continental device on the part of the French firm. Travellers should be wary and not believe in goods bearing unknown names from fashionable quarters in town.

Here is a portrait of a Denver deity. He imagines himself to be Jesus Christ, and the curious wooden shanty in which he dwells is



usually surrounded by the lame, the halt, and the blind, who bring their burdens to him and their sorrows before him. It is always difficult to say whether such prophets are conscious or unconscious impostors.

I confess that I am not enamoured of the new starting-machine which I recently saw in the paddock at Sandown Park. As far as I can see, you have to get your field to breast a tape, and, if they do so together, it springs up, and the race commences. The machine has been used for many races in Australia, with uniform success; but, then, Australian horses have not the high breeding and sensitive nerves of English animals. I was watching the horses start on the same day in a two-year-old race. Mr. Coventry had all his work to do. The animals shared the excitement of the backers; they were restless, trembling, almost hysterical. I cannot help thinking that if they saw the tape they would turn round, or shy, or, in short, do anything but run properly. The present system of starting seems about as satisfactory as any can be. The modern racehorse is, in his early days, a bundle of nerves, a refractory thing, that will or will not do his best according as those nerves affect him. Therefore, I rather fancy that the Jockey Club will disregard the new invention, and leave Australia to run another hundred thousand races with tapes without seeking to emulate that go-ahead colony. This seems to be an opinion held by very many racing-men.

Max O'Rell's rhapsody in the *North American Review* about the French wife is one of the most entertaining things he has written. She is so much more charming in her infinite variety than the English wife,

who, it appears, sits opposite her husband every evening "in curl-papers." What does Madame Blouet, otherwise Mrs. Max O'Rell, say to this? She is English, and she ought to have warned the vivacious Max that curl-papers went out ages ago. Ladies now curl their hair with flat-irons, or something of that kind. Max O'Rell tells us that the French system of marrying a woman you do not know is much better than the English system of marrying somebody you have been engaged to for years and years. On which system did the observant Max wed the charming Madame Blouet?

A Battersea parson has been inveighing the knickerbocker costume of lady cyclists in Battersea Park. He says they are "unsexed creatures," who ought to be "driven out of the park by public opinion." This is extremely like an incentive to intimidation. How is public opinion to drive ladies in this costume out of any resort except by an abominable display of ill-manners? Does the reverend gentleman wish to see these cyclists mobbed? There is no other fashion in which public opinion in Battersea Park can operate, for the purpose the parson thinks essential to decorum. Such language as his, if it were used on an Irish platform, would be called incitement to a breach of the peace. It is very unlikely that the offending cyclists will be persuaded in this manner that, like Justina in Mr. Pinero's play, they have "given too much away by cycling in knickers."

My suggestion that paragraphists would soon betake themselves to the Golconda of Western Australia or South Africa has prompted a correspondent to this outburst—

I've writ for fifty papers out o' Fleet Street up the Strand,
They talk a lot o' profits—Lor', what do they understand?
Yellow face and inky hand,
Lor', what do they understand?
I've a cheaper, deeper venture in a drier, spryer land—
In the Gold Mines of the Rand!

I don't know much about the cheapness, but the deepness is indisputable. By delving four thousand feet vertically, or eight thousand on the incline, within an area of twenty-seven miles, in the Transvaal, it is expected that seven hundred millions' worth of gold will be obtained. My correspondent may reasonably be content with a million or two of this. When he comes home, I hope he will start a paper.

Signor Luigi Arditi, the famous conductor of opera, and the talented composer of much delightful music, tells me that he is entering the fiftieth year of his career, and that on its completion he will publish his reminiscences. This is, indeed, good news for the many lovers of musical anecdote and admirers of a great musician. The conductor of an operatic orchestra soon learns more about great singers than they themselves could tell him. He knows their moods, can understand their temperament, and is probably the only person to accurately gauge the limitations of their art. To the public, two or three performances are the standard of judgment; to the conductor, every day brings forth some indication of temperament that must perforce pass unnoticed by the crowd. Hence I fancy that Signor Arditi's book will throw a new and interesting light on many favourites of the operatic stage, for his career has been associated with the greatest singers of the last half-century. Moreover, "the maestro," as his friends call him, should have much that is new to say about Verdi, of whose operas he is the conductor *par excellence*.

To all opera-goers, the halo surrounding Signor Arditi's head is familiar, and the maestro tells a good story about it, at his own expense. It was in the days when the Mapleson Opera Company, from Her Majesty's, was in America, and at one of the towns Arditi went to cash an open cheque payable to himself and made out by the impresario. He reached the bank and presented the paper to the cashier, who looked first at the cheque, then at him, and said, "I must have some proof of identity. This is an open cheque; you may be Mr. Arditi or you may not." This was awkward, for the musician had no card or papers with him whereby to set the question of identity at rest, and he did not want to have a journey back to his hotel. At last a bright idea struck him. "Do you ever go to the opera?" he asked the cashier. "Yes, I have been several times," replied the cashier. "Then," cried the musician, turning round suddenly and lifting his hat, "do you mean to tell me you don't know Arditi?" The familiar back-view at once convinced the cashier, and, with many profuse apologies, the money was at once paid.

Are there ten good men in England who will join me in forming a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty by Advertisers? There is need for such an association, and this need has just been deeply impressed on me by a glance at a poster announcing a charity concert at the little Cheshire village of Tarporley. After informing a long-suffering public that Sir John Lubbock is to patronise the entertainment, this precious poster goes on to enumerate some of the items of the programme. It groups them together, thus—

STATUARY.	COMIC SONGS.	LINELIGHT.
MAZAWATTEE TEA.	READINGS.	BEECHAN'S PILLS.
HOOVIS.	RECITATIONS.	SUNLIGHT SOAP.

These are certainly not a "tuneful Nine."

Mr. Clement Scott writes to me as follows: "History repeats itself in the matter of the police and Marlborough Street Police Court. The late Serjeant Ballantine, in his amusing book, relates an experience in Piccadilly which was even worse than that of Professor Lankester. Recently, the police would have bagged merely an Oxford Professor, but some years ago they desired to nab not only a Serjeant learned in the law, with a coif and a Patent of Precedence, but an Attorney-General, Sir Alexander Cockburn, who subsequently became Lord Chief Justice of England. Mr. Newton was then, as now, the police magistrate at Marlborough Street, in conjunction with sound, level-headed Mr. Knox, who fined drunkards, and wrote leading articles for the *Times* newspaper. I wonder if Mr. Newton would have believed the word of Sir Alexander Cockburn and Mr. Serjeant Ballantine as against that of the Marlborough Street police:

"I will now relate an amusing adventure of my own which bears upon the subject. One night, late—it might be early morning—I was in Piccadilly, and, attracted by a gathering of people, I came upon a policeman struggling with a drunken, powerful woman. She had either fallen or been thrown down, and he had fallen upon her. There were expressions of indignation being uttered by the persons around, and a row seemed imminent. I touched the officer lightly upon the shoulder, saying, 'Why do you not spring your rattle? You will hurt the woman.' He jumped up, and, seizing me by the collar, said, 'I take you into custody for obstructing me in the execution of my duty.' I remained perfectly passive, and in the meanwhile another constable had come up and had seized the woman, whom he was handling very roughly. At this moment Sir Alexander Cockburn, then Attorney-General, who was returning from the House of Commons, appeared upon the scene, and seeing a woman, as he thought, ill-used, remonstrated in indignant language with the officer, upon which the constable who had hold of me stretched out his other arm—whether reaching Sir Alexander or not I could not see—and said, 'I arrest you also.' 'Arrest me!' exclaimed the astonished Attorney-General; 'what for?' 'Oh,' said my captor, 'for many things. You are well known to the police.' I cannot surmise what might have become of us. Possibly we should have spent the night in company with the very objectionable female on whose behalf we had interfered. Some people, however, fortunately recognised us, and we were released. I took the numbers of the officers, and, being determined to see the end of the affair, went next morning to the Court where the charge ought to have been made, and heard that the woman had effected her escape, which, considering I had left her in charge of half-a-dozen officers, and that she was very drunk, was a remarkable feat of prowess."

In view of possible—nay, probable—difficulties with the Ashanti, the military authorities just now are giving much attention to the thorough organisation and equipment of the local defence forces in our settlements on the West Coast of Africa. The principal of these forces is the Gold Coast Constabulary, of which we give some illustrations. It is composed of the Hausas, who hail from the interior of the continent "beyond the Niger," are Mahomedans in religion, and speak a language, the Aku, entirely different from that of the Gold Coast natives. The force was first organised shortly before the war with Ashanti in '73, by Sir Robert Glover. It has since developed into a very fine body, as a

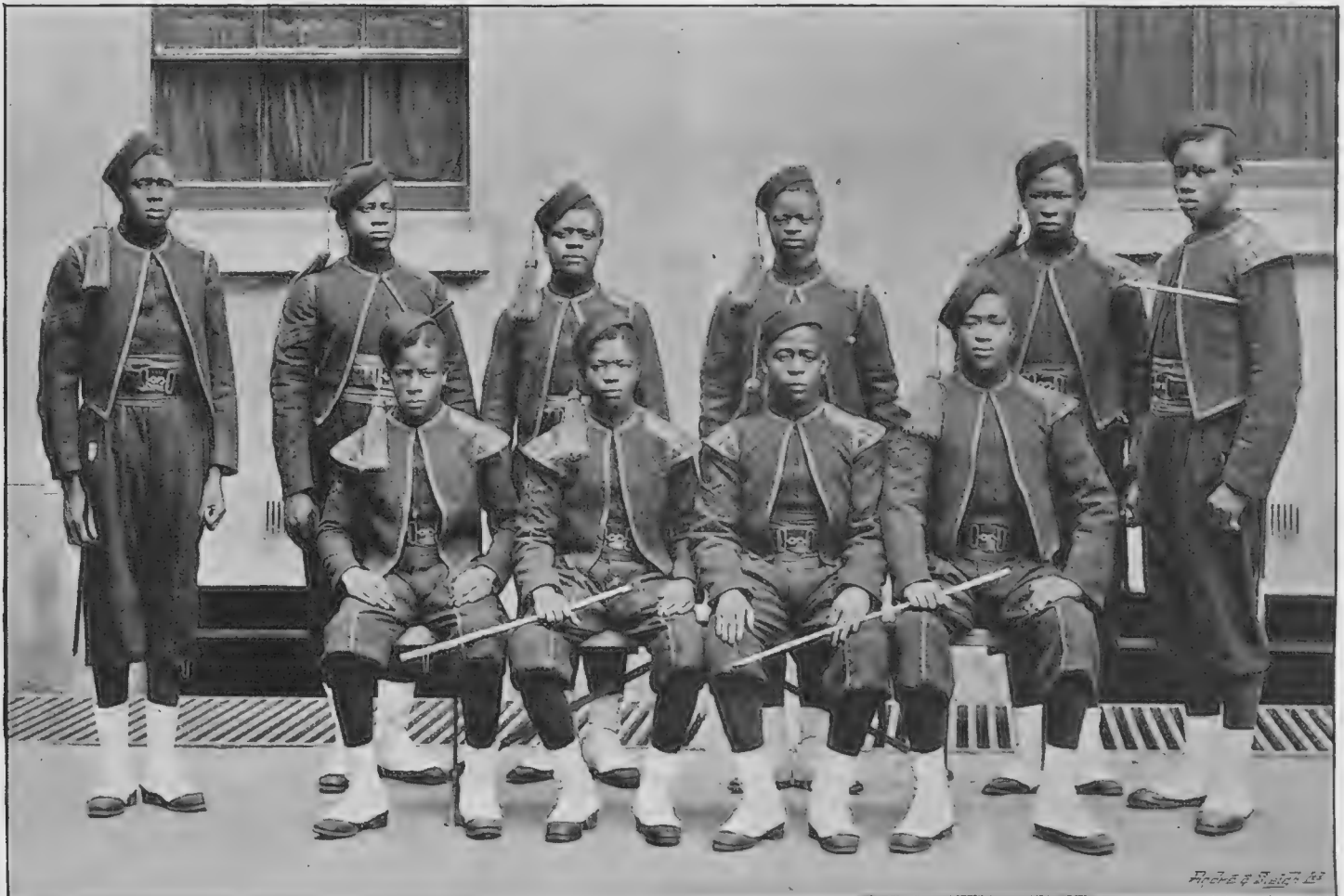
result of much painstaking attention on the part of its officers, who are mostly British. Its present strength is about one thousand, but it is shortly to be made up to twelve hundred of all ranks.

The Gold Coast Constabulary is organised on the lines of the native Indian regiments. Its officers consist of the Inspector-General, who is also commander of all the forces in the colony, four inspectors, sixteen assistant-inspectors, including adjutants for gunnery and musketry



HAÜSAS WORKING THE MAXIM GUNS.

instruction, and paymaster. Each company has one native officer and the usual proportion of non-commissioned officers. The men are armed with the Martini carbine and sword-bayonet, and wear a uniform consisting of small zouave jacket, vest, and knickerbockers of dark-blue cloth, and a fez with blue tassel. The force has a further equipment of 16 7-pounders, 6 mountain-guns, 4 Maxims, 3 Nordenfelts, 1 Gatling, and rockets. Every year a few are sent to England for instruction in gunnery and musketry, and some to Kneller Hall for music. An officer who has had considerable experience of the Hausas says that, after proper training, they make intelligent, reliable, and brave soldiers. The present Inspector-General is Colonel Sir Francis Scott.



SOME OF THE GOLD COAST CONSTABULARY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY R. GIBBS, KINGSLAND ROAD, N.

Oxford men will hear with deep regret of the death, at Davos Platz, of Mr. H. B. Cotton, of Magdalen College. He was a son of Sir Henry Cotton, and was educated at Eton prior to going to Oxford. In 1892, and the three following years, he filled the bow thwart in the Oxford eight, and a victory was achieved each time. He was President of the Oxford University Boat Club last year, and among all oarsmen he was very popular. Mr. Cotton was only twenty-four years of age, and had taken his degree in 1894. There will be many who witnessed the practice of the Oxford crew who will remember Mr. Cotton's athletic figure and keen interest in boating. He took the matter so seriously that his comrades were compelled to strain every nerve to achieve success.



THE LATE MR. H. B. COTTON.
Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

The news of the death of Captain F. E. Lawrence in East Africa has caused the deepest regret among his fellow officers and a large circle of friends and acquaintances. It was but a few short weeks ago, towards the end of August, that Captain Lawrence, who had volunteered for the dangerous service in which he lost his life, was in London, full of vigorous health, and looking forward to another chapter of the adventure of which he was so fond. Captain Lawrence was the son of the late General Sir A. J. Lawrence, who had had a distinguished military career, and was present at the Alma, at Inkerman and Sebastopol, and later was Colonel of the Rifle Brigade. Though no details are yet to hand of the manner in which Captain Lawrence met his death, it would appear that he must have been cut off in his very first skirmish with the enemy, barely a fortnight after his arrival at Zanzibar. It will be a relief to the friends of this gallant and popular officer to learn that his body had been recovered, and buried with the "honours of war." Captain Lawrence was a bachelor who at one time was well known in the football-field, and had done a very considerable share of foreign travel.

The hero-worship which attaches to Carlyle has a very interesting exemplification in the pleasant little article, "The Homes of Carlyle," in the *Young Man* for November. The writer is interviewing the old lady who at present occupies the house in which Carlyle was born, at Ecclefechan. "You must get a number of celebrated people coming to see the house?" asked the interviewer. "Yes," was the reply, "but they don't all say who they are. I have had Talmage here, and Lord Rosebery, and Lord Young, and Sir Robert Jardine, and a great lot of Americans. There are parties of them coming all through the summer. One night a gent from South Africa came and asked me for to allow him to sleep in the house, and told me that money was no object; he wanted to be able to say, when he went back to Africa, that he had slept a night in the house where Thomas Carlyle was born. He wasna a black man, of coorse, or I wadna have taken him in; but he pleaded so hard, and even offered to lie on the kitchen floor, that I consented for him to have the bedroom. Next morning I gave him his breakfast, and he went away that proud! He wrote to me after he returned home, and sent me his address—'Edward Heath Crouch, South Africa.'"

If the London Sunday could only guess how it worries me I feel sure that it would endeavour to reform and improve. The absolute, deadly dullness of the town, especially in late autumn and winter, is too appalling for anything short of anathema. The efforts of enlightened societies at present avail nothing, because the few Sunday concerts and entertainments are crowded to an extent that renders appreciation a difficulty and comfort an impossibility. All this is bad, but there is something worse behind. It is impossible to procure one of the necessities of life, that is, a *boutonniere*. I would rather go without my dinner than give up wearing a fresh flower in my coat; but when Sundays come round, and I am in London, I have to imitate the noble example of the late Emperor Frederick and learn to suffer without complaining. Just a very few shops in the West keep their unsold stock from Saturday and sell flowers faded and limp at double the usual high price. And while this state of things exists, our legislators, men supposed to look after the welfare of the country, are away shooting pheasants and partridges without seeking to remedy the fault of our capital by having a state flower-shop open every Sunday within a mile of Charing Cross. When I have to content myself with odourless lilies of the valley or a brown-edged gardenia, I feel tempted to become an Anarchist, and avenge myself on a society that treats my lawful wants with scorn.

The Piccadilly Club has started on its new proprietary career on the "smartest" of lines, and evidently intends to out rival all other clubs admitting ladies within their precincts. The Sunday band nights form an attractive feature in this club. The upholsterer's and decorator's arts

are harmonious adjuncts to a *cuisine* and cellar not to be equalled anywhere. Its exclusiveness is not one of the least of the charms of its organisation. The opening dinner of the season was attended by Sir Lepel and Lady Griffin, Lady Emily Cherry, Colonel FitzGeorge, Miss Roberts, Miss Verschoyle, and many others.

That excellent provincial newspaper, the *Bedfordshire Times and Independent*, celebrated its jubilee by presenting with its issue of Oct. 19 an interesting illustrated supplement. The pages of the first copy of the paper were reproduced in such clear facsimile as to be readable with the aid of a magnifying-glass. While congratulating our contemporary, I may take the opportunity of wishing its new editor, Mr. William Palmer, every success in his new sphere of labour. Mr. Palmer, as editor of "Hazell's Annual," has aided every journalist and newspaper reader. He is an ardent politician, though you would never guess it from the careful restraint exhibited in the "Annual," and he literally stands head and shoulders above his many friends. May he live to celebrate the centenary of the *Bedfordshire Times and Independent*.

A piquantly flesh-and-blood advertisement is setting forth the charms of "An Artist's Model." Among the crowds of cyclists to be seen in thoroughfares may be noted a little group of six or seven attractive wheelwomen all wearing the familiar Letty Lind blue blouse, trousers, and cap. It serves its purpose in causing people to stare.

The other day, I had simultaneously two new experiences. I heard an opera at Covent Garden in the afternoon, and I heard that opera for the first time in English. The opera was "Faust," and how often I have listened to Gounod's sensuous music to a libretto in Italian I hardly know, for I have been a constant visitor to Covent Garden for nigh on thirty years. I cannot say I like the opera in our native tongue, and, although by no means an Italian scholar, I seem to be able to follow it ever so much better in that language. With regard to the house, there was a biggish audience, who seemed thoroughly to enjoy themselves; but somehow they were not the folk one sees of an evening in the Italian opera season; the boxes looked strangely bare, and one missed the sparkle of diamonds and the brilliant leaders of fashion. As to the performance, I must give great credit to Mr. Glover



MISS FANNY MOODY.
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

and his orchestra, but the chorus were somewhat wayward. Of individual performers, Miss Fanny Moody was an artistic and delightfully sympathetic exponent of Marguerite; while Mr. Brozel's Faust was, to me, an unpleasing performance, from every point of view; but the Mephistopheles of Mr. Charles Manners was a quite excellent assumption, full of intelligence, and pleasurable both in acting and singing. Mr. Manners has a fine voice and a good presence. Altogether, I was glad to see Sir Augustus's afternoon opera so adequately rendered, and so heartily appreciated as it was by the audience.

There were great doings in Aberdeen the other day, when several important extensions at Marischal College, including a magnificent graduation hall, were opened. The University of Aberdeen is composed of two colleges—King's College, in Old Aberdeen, one of the most picturesque structures north of the Forth, and Marischal College, in



PRINCIPAL SIR WILLIAM GEDDES.

Photo by G. W. Wilson and Co., Ltd., Aberdeen.

New Aberdeen. The former was founded in 1495, so that it is just 400 years old; and the ceremonies last week were at one time intended to be carried out on a large scale, to mark the quatercentenary of the University. Marischal College was founded in 1593 by Earl Marischal, the ancestor of Field-Marshal Keith, the friend of Frederick the Great. Each College was a University—that is to say, had the power of granting degrees; and for over two centuries and a half Aberdeen possessed two Universities, while all England itself could boast no more. In 1860, the Universities were united, the Faculties of Arts and Divinity being allocated to King's, and those of law and medicine to Marischal College. The present Principal, Sir William Geddes, was formerly Professor of Greek in the University, and is the very embodiment of an old-world graciousness and elaborate eloquence. The extensions when completed will cost one hundred thousand pounds. Of this sum Government contributes forty thousand pounds, and an alumnus of the University, Mr. Charles Mitchell, a member of the great ordnance firm, Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., Newcastle, gave thirty thousand pounds. His gift took the special form of a graduation hall, a suite of club-rooms for the students, and the heightening of the tower to 230 feet. Unhappily, he did not live to see the buildings completed, for he died suddenly two months ago, and the event has cast a gloom over the spirit of rejoicing.

The photograph of the hunt meet at the Plumie of Feathers Hotel, Minehead, recently reproduced in these pages, should have been attributed to Mr. H. H. Hole, Minehead and Willesden.

Heredity certainly counts for a good deal in the case of Mr. Sidney Dark, who did promising work both as vocalist and as dramatic reciter at his *matinée* at the Brinsmead Galleries on Oct. 19. Mr. Dark's mother is the eldest of the three sisters Burns, his aunts being Miss Cora Stuart, widow of the lately deceased Tom Robertson the younger, and Madame Georgina Burns, wife of that capital baritone, Mr. Leslie Crotty, like herself, included for years among the mainstays of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Mr. Sidney Dark performs under his own name, his father being Mr. Dark, so widely known in connection with Lord's Cricket Ground.

He is a good-looking young fellow, tall, with dark, curly hair, brushed up high into a topping, and a moustache, and you would think he was thirty rather than twenty-three, which is his real age. He is a B.A. of London, was a student at the Royal Academy of Music, and, since he left that institution, eighteen months ago, has been playing all over the country in sketches with Miss Cora Stuart, who intends to produce a piece of his, "Mrs. Mephistopheles," on Boxing Day at the Alexandra Music-hall, Liverpool.

Mr. H. B. Irving is again treading in his father's footsteps, for he has been playing on tour, with the Ben Greet Company, one of his sire's early character-parts, that of Digby Grant in Albery's "Two Roses." It is curious to think how he would repeat the famous catch-phrase, "A

little cheque." Talking of Sir Henry Irving, I don't think any English newspaper has yet reproduced an unrehearsed incident that occurred during a performance of "The Bells" at the Boston Tremont Theatre. The trial-scene in that tragic melodrama affected so powerfully a lady in the orchestra seats that she went into a violent fit of hysterics, that quite spoilt the enjoyment of her neighbours. The effect of this was all the worse owing to the Cimmerian darkness of the house, a well-known and sometimes trying characteristic of the Irving performances.

More "homonyms" in the amusement profession. I have discovered a second Fannie Leslie among the ranks of American music-hall performers, and somewhere in our own provinces there is to be found a Mr. W. H. Kendall, described as a variety comedian. This gentleman, it will be seen, has the grace to spell his name with a double "l."

Miss Mona K. Oram (a very pretty name this), who has won a good deal of praise for her performance of Jessica in the Gaiety *matinée* of "The Merchant of Venice," is a clever and refined young actress, and has served a good apprenticeship in "the legitimate" with Mr. Ben Greet, and also, I think, with Mr. F. R. Benson. She is thus well qualified to interpret Shaksperian rôles, like her husband, Mr. Arthur Grenville, who married her but a few months back. Mr. Grenville, who also took part in this *matinée*, is, as before noted, in the cast of the Lyceum "Romeo and Juliet." We ought to see more of Miss Mona K. Oram in the West-End.

The awful rumour that Paderewski is growing bald has caused the publication of a fancy portrait of that "curled darling" of music-loving girls. In this the artistically arranged shock of hair has disappeared, giving place to a terribly unromantic shining pate. Quite as creditable to the humour of transatlantic newspaper draughtsmen is the droll collection of the presumably lifelike but utterly dissimilar portraits of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt that have appeared in various journals. Funnier still is the appended legend: "If you were the Duke of Marlborough, which would you marry?"

In aid of the Ladies' Home, Westbourne Park, I hear that some amateur dramatic performances will be given in the west theatre of the Albert Hall on the evenings of Nov. 12 and 13, and on the afternoon of Nov. 14. Another date which some may be glad to make a note of is Saturday afternoon, Nov. 16, when, I believe, Mrs. Royal-Dawson, the charming reciter, intends to give an entertainment, assisted by various talented artists, including her son.

Miss Jessie Corri comes of a musical family, being related to the late baritone, Mr. Henry Corri. She studied under Mr. Henry Blower, of the Royal College of Music, and commenced her career, at the age of



OLD ENTRANCE TO MARISCHAL COLLEGE, NOW DESTROYED.

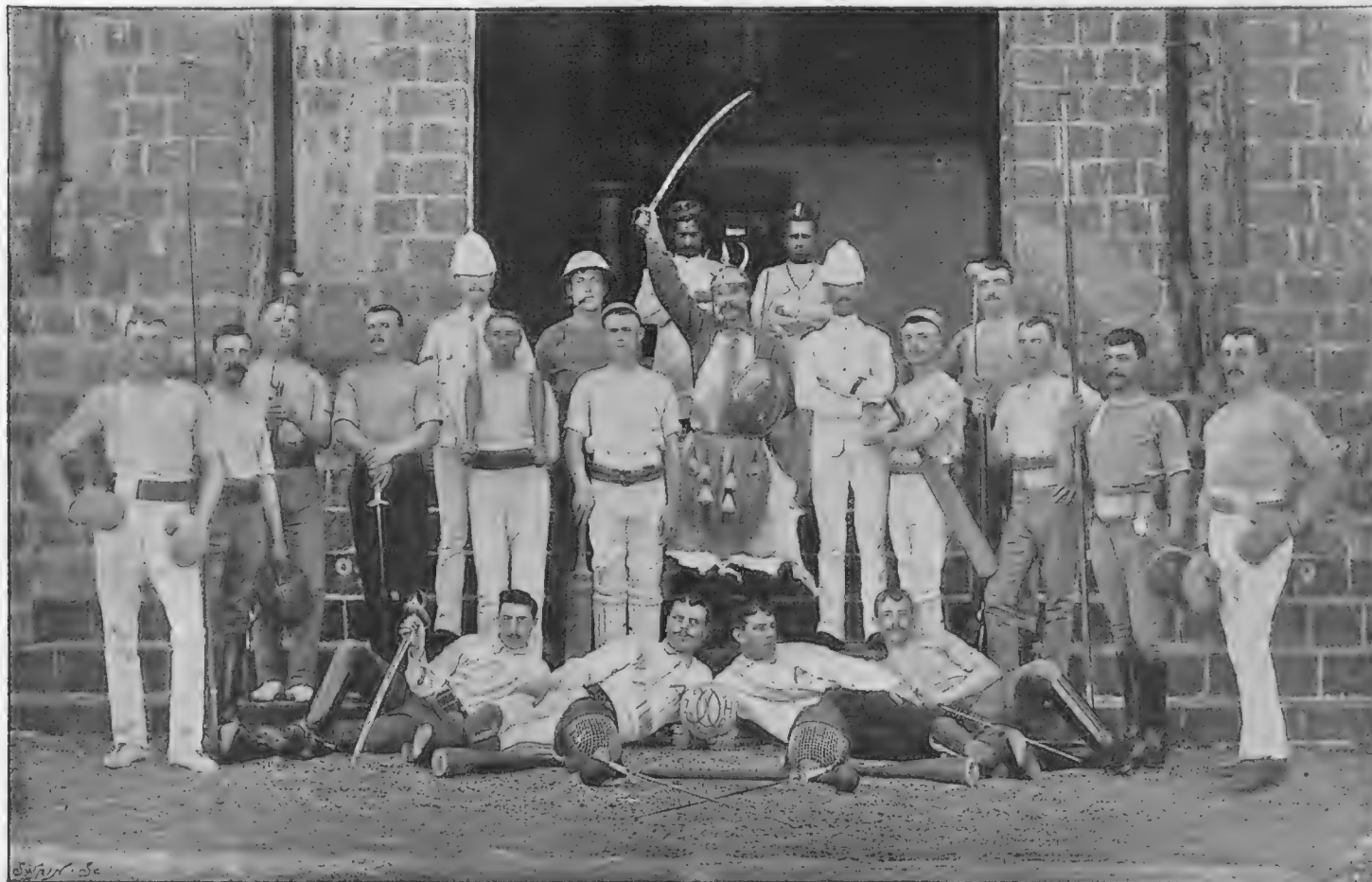
Photo by G. W. Wilson and Co., Ltd., Aberdeen.

sixteen, with Messrs. Horace Lingard and William Greet, touring in the opera of "La Cigale," understudying the part of Pierrot the dancer, which she afterwards played successfully. A year later, in 1893, she joined Mr. Lingard's company, and is now playing, with much and well-deserved success, the characters of Patatout in "The Old Guard," Conrad in "Falka," Gomez in "Pepita," &c.

OUR SOLDIERS IN INDIA.



MHOW, THE CAMP JUST LEFT BY THE 7TH HUSSARS. THE SPOT IS HISTORIC AS THE SCENE OF THE OUTBREAK OF THE MUTINY.



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND TROOPERS OF THE 7TH HUSSARS, WITH THE RESPECTIVE WEAPONS OF THEIR ATHLETIC TRIUMPHS.

THE RETURN OF MISS LYDIA THOMPSON.

Who shall reach the eminence of a Queen of Burlesque, and who shall rival her in popularity? Neither Prime Minister nor Commander-in-Chief, nor any person whose work upholds a state or benefits a nation. Among even Queens of Burlesque, Lydia Thompson has ruled supreme, and, save by Nellie Farren, has never been approached. For the last six years Miss Thompson has been away from us, and when I heard she had returned to London (writes a *Sketch* representative), I wrote asking for an appointment for the harmless necessary interview. Miss Thompson was refreshingly prompt in her reply, and early one morning, after the production of the second edition of "An Artist's Model," I found the heroine of so many burlesques at Daly's Theatre.

We adjourned to a room close by, and not even its unfinished appearance and quaint decoration could spoil a very interesting chat. It was some time before the conversation came round to the proper combination of reminiscence and journalese. I could not help feeling awed in the presence of the quiet little lady to whom all the world has paid homage, who has probably been applauded more than any living person, who has performed all the world over, and drawn tribute of admiration from the Old World as from the New. So our first few moments were devoted to discussion of theatrical England six years ago and to-day, of the rise and fall of popular footlight favourites, of the theatres that have sprung up and the houses that have fallen upon evil days.

And then we got to business. "I commenced my theatrical career," said Miss Thompson, "in London, as a child, and if I may whisper to you that I have written the recollections of my stage-life, and hope some day to publish them, will you forgive me not saying too much to you about it at the present time?"

I promised not to say too much, and she continued: "I received a very good dramatic training at the Lyceum Theatre, under the management of Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton. Several one-act pieces were written for me, in which I played what might be called precocious child and girl parts; there were not so many juvenile actresses then as there are now. The first real burlesque part I played in London was at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in 'Der Freischütz,' under the management of Mrs. Bancroft, and in the summer of 1868 I was playing the part of the Earl of Leicester, in 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold,' at the Strand Theatre, with Tom Thorne and the late David James in the cast.

"I left there to go, for the first time, to America, where, in five seasons, I made a profit of £100,000, which enabled my late husband, Alexander Henderson, to become the wealthy manager of several London theatres. I returned to London with Willie Edouin and a large company, of which Lionel Brough was a member. I need not tell you of the immense success we made in 'Blue Beard,' 'Oxygen,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Piff Paff,' &c., at the Folly, Globe, and Criterion Theatres. The last burlesque I played in, in London, was at the Royalty, in

Henry J. Byron's 'Pluto.' The lamented author wrote me some new speeches in it shortly before his death. I have played very little in London since that time.

"In the autumn of 1887 I took the Strand Theatre, and produced an opera, 'The Sultan of Mocha,' by Alfred Cellier, with Violet Cameron, Henry Bracy, Charles Danby, and other well-known people in the cast. The opera was a great success, but the expenses were so great that in six months I lost a large amount of money. I sold the remainder of my lease to Willie Edouin. Shortly after that I returned to America, where I have been, until a few weeks ago, playing in farcical comedy and high comedy. And now I am sure you will say that I have told you quite enough about myself, except that I am very glad to be in England again,

playing in dear old London, and to find that I am not quite forgotten."

I could not agree with the last sentence; but, possibly with the embryo book before her mental vision, Miss Thompson was obdurate, so I varied my request. The answer to my question was very pleasing. "Anecdotes? Oh, yes! I have any amount of them." I immediately asked for the any amount, and the gifted lady continued—

"When we played in Buffalo, Harry Beckett and Willie Edouin were greatly worried by a young man who wanted to go upon the stage. He never left them alone, morning, noon, or night. He had not the slightest talent, they soon found that out, and he used to bore them to death. So, on the Saturday *matinée*, they determined to give him a dramatic dose. They asked my permission to let him appear for a few minutes quite at the end of 'Lurline.' Eliza Weathersby was then playing the part of Lurline, so, entering into the fun of the thing, I gave my consent, and asked my wardrobe mistress to look out a dress for him to wear. At the end of the glove-fight between Beckett, the Seneschal, and myself, Edouin, who played an attendant nymph or naïad upon Lurline, and wore ballet-skirts, came on to the stage with a pair of boxing-gloves on, arm-in-arm with the aspiring burlesque actor. Beckett

had also kept his boxing-gloves on. They had dressed their victim in an old man's costume, putting on him a very heavy beard, moustache, and eyebrows, well fastened on with strong shellac. They brought him down the stage, and he commenced a recitation of his own composition. Each verse ended with the words, 'Yes, I had made another hit.' They let him go on for two verses, and, when he came to the word 'hit,' Beckett on one side, and Edouin on the other, gave him a good punch with the gloves. They had only pretended to do so in the first verse. They hit him a second time, and the third verse he couldn't get through. He kept looking from one side to the other to see when it was coming. The effect was very funny; they bounced him from one side of the place to the other, until the audience, and everybody on the stage, shrieked with laughter. Edouin, being dressed in ballet-skirts, made the situation more ludicrous. At last, when they were simply exhausted with flying around the stage, they signed for the curtain to be rung down, and managed to get the would-be actor outside of it when it fell. The



AS ROBINSON CRUSOE (1893).
Photo by Sarony, New York.



IN "A CUP OF TEA."
Photo by Kellie and Co., Montreal.



AS NITOUCHE.
Photo by Sarony, New York.



AS ULYSSES IN THE BURLESQUE "PENELOPE."
Photo by Sarony, New York.

public then roared more than ever to see him rush from side to side, to get off, and Michael Connolly, my conductor, always ready for an occasion of that kind, gave him a grand orchestral flourish, winding up with a bang on the big drum as he disappeared from view. After the performance, they apologised for shutting him in front of the curtain, congratulated him upon the *hit* he had made, and then bade him good-bye. It was nearly seven o'clock in the evening when he left the theatre. He had been two hours working hard to get his beard and eyebrows off, but in vain. They watched him creep out into the darkness, looking like a half-plucked chicken, and it must have been days before he looked like himself once more. Needless to say that Beckett and Edouin were never troubled with the youth again.

"Yet another?" said Miss Thompson, between her smiles. "Well, I will spare you one more. Upon the occasion of the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis to America, he arrived in St. Louis, where I was playing, and he signified his intention of witnessing our performance of 'Blue Beard.' The prices of admission were doubled, the theatre was beautifully decorated, and it was to be an event of great social importance. In order to make the ornamentation assume a truly Russian aspect, the management, I won't say on which side of the curtain, interviewed a prominent furrier of St. Louis, and made arrangements for the loan of a gigantic stuffed black bear, that ordinarily kept guard at the entrance of his store, and was represented clutching the usual knotted pole. It was an enormous creature, a trifle moth-eaten, perhaps, but very formidable, with a horrid grin, disclosing fangs of colossal proportions. The private boxes at the theatre were right on the stage; so, late in the evening, Bruin was smuggled in and placed immediately under the Imperial box, in such a manner that everybody in the house except the royal party could see him. Willie Edouin knew all about it being there, but was particularly anxious that I should be kept in ignorance of its presence, and my surprise may be readily imagined when, upon my first entrance, I espied the hairy monster presumably ogling every girl upon the stage. When Edouin appeared, he feigned the most comical astonishment, but presently he began to act to the bear, and his antics were funny to a degree. The audience soon fell into the fun, and all eyes were directed to the furrier's sign. The expressions which successively passed across the Prince's face as he vainly endeavoured to discover the cause of the merriment only heightened the humour of the situation, until finally, losing all restraint, the Grand Duke rose, and, stepping forward, craned his head over the front of the box amid roars of laughter and applause. The hero of the evening seemed to enjoy the fun caused by the 'rugged Russian bear' quite as much as the actors and the audience, for he almost rolled off his seat with laughter. The next day the Duke sent me, by one of his suite, an amethyst-and-diamond bracelet, with a message to the effect that he had been greatly pleased with the performance. *Puck*, a comic paper in St. Louis, made a cartoon of the Grand Duke placing a diamond bracelet upon my ankle. I wondered at the time if the public really thought he had done so."

I might have had another story, but here the call-boy intervened, putting an end to a very agreeable and interesting interview.



MDLLE. D'ALBRAY, FOLIES DRAMATIQUES.

TWO LIGHTNING COLLABORATEURS.

At present, one's faith in the abilities of Mrs. Cecil Ramsey and of Mr. Rudolph Cordova, as joint playwrights, "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"; for, although several of the eight one-act plays, and five four-act dramas and comedies, representing the collaborated work of this lady and gentleman during the last eighteen months, have been accepted by various managers, none has as yet been produced.

There is, presumably, no "lack of wit," however, in this rapidly executed work, otherwise we should not find Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and Mr. Forbes-Robertson among the purchasers, while the first two readings of a sixth four-act play, nearly completed, are already bespoken.

Mrs. Ramsey is the wife of Mr. Cecil Ramsey, who, as "W. G." in "Walker, London," so distinctly helped to get so many "runs" for Mr. J. M. Barrie's play. Possibly, from her mother, Mrs. Royston, Mrs. Ramsey inherits the literary talent which made "No Irish Need Apply" appreciated some years ago at the Haymarket. To this heritage, a thorough English education at Gipsy Hill, the polish imparted by a finishing-school in Paris, and a three-years' course of study in music at the Leipzig Conservatoire, are no valueless additions. Then ready acceptance of Miss Alicia Royston's pen-effusions, on her return to England, led her to the frequent corrections of "proofs," while the *cacœthes scribendi* thus engendered only required a fitting opportunity to exhibit itself in the direction of dramatic compositions. This was afforded not long after her marriage, when one evening her husband, returning home, told her that, if she could write a one-act play at once, he thought he could "place" it. "Only a Model," afterwards played at a *matinée* at the Vaudeville, and well received, was that one night's work. The same summer Mr. Laurence Irving visited the Ramseys at their cottage in Cornwall. A powerful melodrama, written by Mrs. Ramsey, was the outcome of their mutual cogitations. This effort afforded an easy stepping-stone to "Mirage," the purpose of which was suggested to Mr. Cordova, an actor of some repute, and to Mrs. Ramsey, coincidentally on their witnessing the "Life of Pleasure," at Drury Lane. In the play the Jew is represented as of the usual mercenary and sordid nature; but, they argued, are there not plenty of Jews of heroic spirit and noble principle? This collaboration led to another play being written by the same pens, namely, "Whom the Gods Love," a one-act piece which has been purchased by Mrs. Patrick Campbell with a view possibly to her portraying the part of a good woman without a past of ill-repute. Subsequently "The Egoist," originally called "His Second Self," and recently acquired by Mr. Tree (who proposes to bring it out after "Trilby"), was written. It is of artistic tone, and modern as to date. It involves no metaphysical problem, nor does it seek to solve any question of sexual relation with its double triplet of strong male and female characters, who take the stage chiefly in Hungary. "The Anglo-Indian" is another piece of work, and written round Mr. Cecil Ramsey, who will represent a peppery-tempered old man with a liver. Then Mr. Forbes-Robertson has accepted a mediæval play, "The Vigil of Sieur Ercildoune," which is weirdly fantastic.

Mr. Cordova brings to the workshop of playwrighting an experience of very fair extent. Vezin, Ryder, and Gilbert were the first sponsors to his innate histrionic ability. His associations on the boards with Mary Anderson, Modjeska, and Miss Achurch in juvenile leads here and in America; his engagements with Benson, Ben Greet, and others, with his public recitals *à la manière* Brandram, have given him the best of dramatic training, while his journalistic experience during the intervals of "mumming" have not failed to impart polish to a naturally vigorous and well-pointed pen.

The embryo thought of original plot, however, must be accredited primarily to Mrs. Ramsey's fertile brain. One has but to regard the far-away look in her blue eyes, when she is engrossed in thought, to feel that she loves to wander amid the tangled web of life, loosing its knots or tying them up still tighter. It is odd to hear that the brilliant thoughts of this pretty and spiritual little lady are not always fed by heaven-sent manna, as one would have imagined, but are invariably stimulated by the consumption of sweets, especially by "toffee."—T. H. L.



R. DELORDORA (MR. CORDOVA).

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



MRS. CECIL RAMSEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

MEN, AND THE SONS OF MEN.*

This book, the latest of Mr. Andrew Lang's famous series of tinted books, is well named "The Red." It is a Book of Blood; through every story, with the exception of four—or at most, five—Romance stalks triumphantly with crimsoned sandals. Perhaps it is well that, in these days, when base blood besmirches the hem of Her garment and splashes even to Her girdle (in the penny dreadful), someone should arise to recall days when kings and heroes gave life for Her sake and the Right's!



INEZ PLEADS FOR HER LIFE.

From "The Crowning of Inez de Castro."

Mr. Lang has arisen, and around him he has gathered a notable cloud of witnesses, from Mr. Rider Haggard, who recounts "Wilson's Last Fight," to Miss Repplier, with "La Capitaine, Molly Pitcher."

Mr. Haggard we know as a most discriminating artist in slaughter and things grim, and in "The Last Stand" he has a most thrilling subject ready to his hand and near to his heart. Mr. Haggard has written nothing so reticent as this touching account of facing fearful odds. This is how he describes the end of the leader of the gallant handful—

At length their fire [the white men's] grew faint and infrequent, till by degrees it flickered away, for men were lacking to handle the rifles. One was left, however, who stood alone and erect in the ring of the dead, no longer attempting to defend himself, either because he was weak with wounds, or because his ammunition was exhausted. There he stood silent and solitary, presenting one of the most pathetic yet splendid sights told of in the generation that he adorned. There was no more firing now, but the natives stole out of the cover and came up to the man quietly, peering at him half afraid. Then one of them lifted his assegai and drove it through his breast. Still he did not fall; so the soldier drew out his spear, and, retreating a few yards, he hurled it at him, transfixing him. Now, very slowly, making no sound, the white man sank forward upon his face, and so lay still. . . . It is the custom among savages of the Zulu and kindred races, for reasons of superstition, to rip open and mutilate the bodies of enemies killed in war, but on this occasion the Matabele general, having surveyed the dead, issued an order. "Let them be," he said; "they were men who died like men, men whose fathers were men."

Could there be fitter epitaph than this simple barbarian utterance?

The editor himself takes for the burden of his tale the life, fortunes, and death of Joan the Maid. Mr. Lang has long held a brief for *La Pucelle*, and none better; but on this occasion, interesting as he makes his story, he doth protest a little too much. One must be dogmatic at times, and, perhaps, ought to be "all the time" in writing for the younger generation; but the younger generation, unfortunately, has acquired a trick of doubting the truth of a statement too often reiterated. Some of Mr. Lang's readers will end by believing Joan to be a lady with whom intimate acquaintance is undesirable. But these critical youngsters have only to turn over a page or two to meet some of the finest ladies and gentlemen that ever stepped, and whose acquaintance everyone should cultivate and cherish. Here are the stories of "How Gustavus Vasa Won His Kingdom," of "Monsieur de Bayard's Duel," of "Sir Richard Grenville," of "Captain Richard Falconer," of "How Marbot Crossed the Danube," and so on, till one comes to "Prince Charlie's War." There is a glamour of romance round the ill-fated

stripling of the '45, that makes one take up his story again and again, and find it ever more entrancing. This saga of disillusion has been entrusted by Mr. Lang to Mrs. McCunn, who has done her work well, with an air of conviction and an evident sympathy for the losing side. Indeed, her sympathy carries her too far sometimes—to the belittling of the genius or skill or strength of many of Charles's supporters—as when she writes, "Many new adherents flocked to join the Prince. Among these was the simple-minded old Lord Pittligo. He commanded a body of horse, though at his age he could hardly bear the fatigues of a campaign." Lord Pittligo was certainly old, but from all that is known of him he was anything but simple-minded. He was a shrewd old Scot, and wrote books, too, mainly of a ponderous wit. And was he not "out" in the '15?

One narrative which will be new to the younger English readers is that of "The Burke and Wills Exploring Expedition." This was a voyage of discovery through the Australian continent, the prime object being to cross from the South to the Northern seas, "a task which had never before been accomplished." On Aug. 21, 1861, the party of exploration started from Melbourne, and about a year later—

the citizens of Melbourne, once again aroused to extravagant enthusiasm, lined the streets through which the only survivor of the only Victorian Exploration Expedition was to pass.

"Here he comes! Here he comes!" rang throughout the crowd, as King was driven to the Town Hall to tell his narrative to the company assembled there.

"There is a man," shouted one—"There is a man who has lived in hell!"

And, truly, he had lived there, but he had brave men with him for company. When the party was reduced, by privation, disease, and misunderstanding, to three—Wills, Burke, and King—the real terrors of the journey began. All were weak and barely able to drag one leg after the other. Wills was the first to succumb: he begged to be left behind, bidding the others push on, and saying, "It is our only chance." On the second day after leaving him, Burke lay down for the last time, his dying desire being that his body should be allowed to lie unburied.



THE CORONATION OF CHARLES VII.

From "Life and Death of Joan the Maid."

"Doubtless he thought of King's weak state, and wished to spare him the labour of digging a grave!" The story is pitiful, but, as an example of endurance, it is magnificent. It has lost nothing in the telling by Mrs. Bovill: she has written strongly and vividly.

For the illustrations by Mr. Henry J. Ford there is nothing but praise. In every case he gives us a "picture," and in a few cases he rises to very remarkable imaginative heights—as, for instance, in the Dream of Gudbrand of the Dales, and the Leap Overboard of King Olaf. We are permitted to reproduce two of Mr. Ford's illustrations.

Altogether, "The Red True Story Book," though more or less a-bristle with steel and a-run with blood, is a capital book. It is "good hunting," as Mowgli would say, for all boys, be they seven years or seventy.—W. A. M.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MRS. LIARDET.

BY LOUIS BECKE.

Captain Dave Liardet, of the trading schooner *Motutakea*, of Sydney, was sitting, propped up in his bunk, smoking his last pipe. His very last. He knew that, for the Belgian doctor-naturalist, his passenger, had just said so; and besides, one look at the gaping hole in his right side, that he had got two days before at La Vandola, in the Admiralties, from the broad-bladed obsidian native knife, had told him that he had made his last voyage. The knife-blade lay on the cabin table before him, and his eye rested on it for a moment with a transient gleam of satisfaction as he remembered how well Tommy, the Tonga boy, who pulled the bow oar, had sent a Snider bullet through the body of the yellow-skinned buck from whom the knife-thrust had come. From the blade of obsidian on the table his eye turned to the portrait of a woman in porcelain that hung just over the clock. It was a face fair enough to look at, and Liardet, with a muttered curse of physical agony, leant his body forward to get a closer view of it, and said, "Poor little woman! it'll be darned rough on her." Then Russell, the mate, came down.

"Joe," said Liardet, in his practical way, which even the words of the doctor and the face of the clock before him could not change, "cock your ears and listen, for I haven't got much time, and you have the ship to look to. I want you to tell the owners that this affair at La Vandola wasn't my fault. We was doing fair and square trading when a buck drives his knife into me for no apparent reason beyond the simple damned fun of the thing. Well, he's done for me, and Tommy Tonga for him, and that's all you've got to say about that. Next thing is to ask 'em to sling Tommy a fiver over and above his wages—for saving of the boat and trade, mind, Joe. Don't say for potting the nigger, Joe; boat and trade, boat and trade, that's the tack to go on with owners, Joe. Well, let's see now. . . . My old woman. See she gets fair play, wages up to date of death, eh, Joe? By God, old man, she won't get much of a cheque—only four months out now from Sydney. Look here, Joe, the Belgian's all right. He won't go telling tales. So don't you log me dead for another month, and make as bad a passage as you can. There's only us three white men aboard, and the native boys will take their Bible oath I didn't die until the ship was off Lord Howe Island if you give 'em a box of tobacco. You see, Joe? That's the dodge. More days, more dollars, and the longer you keep the ship at sea the more money comes to all hands. And I know I can trust you, Joe, to lend a hand in making the old woman's cheque a little bigger. Right. . . . We've been two years together now, Joe, and this is the only thing I've ever asked you to do or done myself that wasn't square and above-board. But look here"—here for some half-minute Captain Dave Liardet launched into profanity—"I tell you that the owners of this ship wouldn't care a single curse if you and I and every living soul aboard had had our livers cut out at La Vandola as long as *they* didn't lose money over it, and haven't to pay our wages to our wives and children."

Liardet gasped and choked, and the little Belgian naturalist tripped down and wiped away the dark stream that began to trickle down the grizzled beard, and then he and Russell, the mate, laid him down again.

"Don't go," whispered the Belgian to the other; "he sink ver' fast now." The closed eyelids opened a little and looked up through the skylight at the brown face of Tommy the Tongan, and then Russell gave the dying skipper brandy-and-water. Then, with fast-fading eyes on the picture in porcelain, he asked Russell what course he was keeping.

"As near south as can be," said the mate; "but with this breeze we could soon make the Great Barrier, and there's always hope, cap'n. Let me keep her away to the westward a bit, and who knows but you may—"

For answer the grizzled Liardet held out his hand, shook his head faintly, and muttering, "I hope to God it'll come on a hell of a calm for a month of Sundays," he turned his face to the port and went over his Great Barrier.

Everyone was "so sorry for poor little Mrs. Liardet." She was so young to be a widow, "and having no children, my dear, the poor creature must have felt the shock the more keenly." Thus the local gabble of the acquaintances and friends of the pretty widow. And she laughed softly to herself that she couldn't feel overwhelmed with grief at her widowhood. "He hadn't a thought above making money," she said to herself—Oh, Nell Liardet, for whom did he desire to make it?—"and yet never could make it." And then she thought of Russell, and smiled again. His hand had trembled when it held hers. Surely he did not come so often to see her merely to talk of rough old Dave Liardet—a man whom she had only tolerated, never loved. And then, Russell was a big, handsome man; and she liked big, handsome men. Also, he was captain now. And, of course, when he told her of that rich patch of pearl-shell that he alone knew of at Caillê Harbour, in which was a small fortune, and had looked so intently into her blue eyes, he had meant that it was for her. "Yes," and she smiled again, "I'm sure he

loves me. But he's terribly slow; and, although I do believe that blonde young widows look 'fetching' in black, I'm getting sick of it, and wish he'd marry me to-morrow."

Russell had stood to his compact with the dead skipper. The owners had given her £150, and Russell, making up a plausible story to his dead captain's wife of Liardet having in bygone days lent him "fifty pounds," had added that sum to the other. And he meant, for the sake of old Dave, never to let his pretty little widow run short as long as he had a shot in the locker. The patch of shell at Caillê he meant to work, and if Dave had lived, they would have "gone whacks." But as he was dead, he wouldn't do any mean thing. She should have half of whatever he got—"go whacks" just the same. But, as for love, it never entered his honest brain, and, had anyone told him that Nell Liardet was fond of him, he would have called him a liar, and "plugged" him for insulting a lady.

"Going away! Mr. Russell—Joe! Surely you won't go and leave me without a friend in the world? I thought you cared for me more than that?"

The big man reddened to his temples.

"Don't say that, Mrs. Liardet. If you'll allow me, I'll always be a friend. And, as I thought it would be hard for you to have to spend the little that Liardet left you, I have made arrangements for you to draw a few pounds whenever you need it from the agents. And, as long as ever I have a pound in the world, Dave Liardet's wife—"

"Wife!" and the blue eyes flashed angrily. "He is dead, and I am free. Why do you always talk of him? I hate the name. I hated him—a coarse, money-loving—"

"Stop!"

Russell stepped forward. "Good-bye, Mrs. Liardet. I hold to what I have said. But the man that you call coarse and money-loving died in trying to make it for you. And he was a good, honest man, and I can't stay here and hear his memory abused by the woman he loved better than life." And then he turned to go, but stopped, and, with a scarlet face, said, "Of course, you're a lady, and wouldn't do anything not right and straight, so I know that, if you intend to marry again, you'll send me word; but if you don't, why, of course, I'll be proud and glad to stand by you in money matters. I'm sure poor Dave would have done the same for my wife if I had got that knife into me instead of him."

Nell Liardet, sitting with clenched hands and set teeth, said, in a hoarse voice, "Your wife? Are you married?"

"Well—er—yes, oh yes! I have a—er—native wife at the Anchorites. Poor old Dave stood godfather to one of my little girls. God knows how anxious I am to get back to her!"

"Good-bye, Mr. Russell!"

HUMAN ODDS AND ENDS.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

IV.—AN OLD MAID'S TRIUMPH.

To this day's event Miss Hurst had looked anxiously forward for no less than thirty years. It was just thirty years since time and fate had made her dependent for a living upon her own exertions, without the least hope of aid from love or duty. Till then, that is, up to her twenty-eighth year, she had supported herself, but with frequent hospitality of kinsfolk to make the efforts lighter. Now, at eight-and-fifty, she had received from her pupils' parents, with all possible kindness of wording, the anticipated notice that after next quarter her services would be no more in request. So it had come at last, and fervently she thanked Heaven for the courage which enabled her to face it with so much composure. That there was no possibility of another engagement she took for granted; perhaps it was only out of delicate consideration that these good friends had kept her so long. She did not feel very old; was not conscious of mental decay; but probably others had observed some sign of it. At such an age as this who could expect to be retained as governess to young people? Doubtless it would be an injustice to her pupils. Moreover, she was ready for the change; again, Heaven be thanked!

"What will the poor old thing do?" asked Mrs. Fletcher of her husband. "Impossible, I fear, that she can have saved anything."

"Don't see how the deuce she can have done," Mr. Fletcher replied. "There are—institutions, I believe. I wish we could do something; but you know the state of things. Of course, a rather larger cheque—say double the quarter's salary; but I'm afraid that's all I can pretend to do."

However, Miss Hurst had found it possible to save, though what the fact signified was known only to herself. To-night she made up her account with life, and it stood thus. At eight-and-twenty she had owned a sum of nearly thirty pounds, which ever since had remained intact. For the thirty years that followed, her average earnings had been twenty-nine pounds per annum, and out of this she had put aside what amounted to fifteen pounds a-year—sometimes more, sometimes

less. Very seldom indeed had she suffered from ill-health; only once had she spent six months unemployed. Accumulation of petty interest—the bank and Government security were all she had ever dared to confide in—by this time made a sensible increment. With tremulous calculation she grasped the joyous certainty that a life of independence was assured to her. It must be by purchase of an annuity. She had never consulted anyone on her financial affairs: common sense, and a strictly reticent habit, had guided her safely thus far. For the last and all-important pecuniary transaction she felt thoroughly prepared, so long had she reflected upon it, and with such sedulous exactitude.

Beauty was never a very nice, old lady, with something of austerity in her countenance which imposed respect. She spoke with a gentle firmness, smiling only when there was occasion for it. In education she knew herself much behind the teachers of to-day; her mental powers were not more than ordinary; but Nature had given her that spirit of refinement which is not otherwise to be acquired. Generally able to win the regard of well-conditioned children, she had always been looked upon as an excellent disciplinarian, which accounted in large measure for her professional success.

Her success! Never had she received the wages of a middling cook; yet the importance of her trust through life was such as cannot be exaggerated, and the duties laid upon her had been discharged with a competence, a conscientiousness, which no money could repay. Her success! At the age of fifty-eight, she tremblingly calculated her hope of being able to live out the rest of her life with *not less* than twenty shillings a-week.

And the life-history which explained this great achievement. Miss Hurst could not have written it; she possessed neither the faculty nor the self-esteem needful for such a work; but assuredly it deserved to be written. Reflect upon the simple assertion that, from her twenty-eighth to her fifty-eighth year, this woman had never unavoidably spent one shilling-piece. She, with the instincts and desires of the educated class, had never allowed herself one single indulgence which cost more than a copper or so. Ah! the story of those holiday-times which she was obliged to spend at her own cost, of the brief seasons when she was out of employment! Being a woman, she, of course, found it easier to practise this excessive parsimony than any man would have done; yet she was not, like so many women, naturally penurious. She longed for the delight of travel, she often hungered for books which a very slight outlay would have procured her, she reproached herself for limiting her charity to a mite at church collections. Mean lodgings were horrible to her, yet again and again she had occupied all but the meanest. And all this out of sheer dread of some day finding herself destitute, helpless, at the mercy of a world which never spares its brutality to those who perforce require its compassion. What a life! Yet it had not embittered her; her gentle courage, sustained by old-fashioned piety, had never failed. And now she saw herself justified of her faith in Providence.

Having regard to her sound constitution, she might live another twenty years. Her capital, merely put out to interest, would not afford sustenance. But the purchase of an annuity might assure at once her bodily comfort and her self-respect. Carefully had she studied the tables, the comparative advantages offered by many companies. The fact that a hundred pounds will yield a woman less than a man had often troubled her; she understood the reason, but could not quite reconcile herself to the result. As a man, she would have saved vastly more; as a woman, the longer-lived, she must be content to receive less for her smaller opportunities.

Throughout this last quarter her behaviour differed in no outward respect from that of years past; she worked with the same admirable honesty of purpose, and kept the same countenance of sober cheerfulness. In her heart she was ever so little troubled. At the end of her engagement there would be due to her a payment of seven pounds ten, and the total of her possessions would then fall *slightly* short of a sum needed to purchase the annuity on which she had fixed her hopes. She desired a clear fifty-two pounds per annum, twenty shillings a-week; surely no excessive demand. Yet it seemed as if she must content herself with a smaller income. It might, however, prove possible to earn the extra sum, a mere trifle. Yes, it might be possible; she would hope.

On the last day, when her pupils were preparing to leave home for the seaside, Mrs. Fletcher called her apart, and spoke with confidential sweetness.

"Miss Hurst, need I say how very sorry we all are to part with you? I do so wish that circumstances allowed of my asking you to come back again after the holidays. But—really there is no harm in my telling you that we are obliged to—to make certain changes in our establishment."

The governess listened with grave sympathy.

"Have you heard of any other engagement?" pursued the lady, with doubtful voice and eyes drooped.

"Not yet, Mrs. Fletcher," was the cheerful reply; "I should like to find one, if it were only for a short time."

"I will do my utmost in the way of making inquiries. And—let me give you the cheque, Miss Hurst. My husband begs you will accept from us, as a mark of our great—our very great—esteem, something more than the sum strictly due. I am sure we shall never be out of our debt to you."

In her own room, Miss Hurst eagerly inspected the little slip of paper; it was a cheque for twice her quarter's salary. There was a great leap of her heart, a rush of tears to her eyes. She held the security of independent life. The long fight was over, and she had triumphed.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"The Stark Munro Letters," by Dr. Conan Doyle (Longmans), is interesting in a way, and may be taken generally as reflecting some experiences of the author. It is not without good bits and sketches, and these one is tempted to overpraise in view of the general worthlessness of the book. But there can be no doubt the story is quite unworthy of Dr. Doyle's real talent. It has evidently been written with the utmost facility, and with an almost insolent confidence in the author's hold on the public—a confidence which is sure to be quietly and strongly resented. If Dr. Doyle is to make a place in English letters, he must work for it. Some great things he wants. He has no humour, no pathos, no genius, no distinction. But he has the gift of the story-teller in a high degree, and when he chooses he can fascinate his reader. In the "Stark Munro Letters" he figures to some extent as a philosopher and theologian. This is a mistake. We seem to be listening to a middle-aged Bob Sawyer.

Miss Beatrice Harraden is on her way home from California, which has provided her with much new material. Already we have had "The Remittance Man" from Miss Harraden, and one hopes to read many more such pleasant stories.

In "Red Rowans" (Macmillan), Mrs. F. A. Steel has left India behind, and betaken herself to study the ways of West Highlanders and their tourist visitors. There are two Mrs. Steels distinguishable even in her Indian stories, though one generally holds the other in subjection there—the austere poet of human destiny, finding congenial examples in the complicated and picturesque life that grows out of an ancient Oriental civilisation; and the very practical, housewifely Englishwoman, learned in the homely arts of ruling and coaxing husband and children in quite Western fashion. She is capable of high flights of poetic imagination, of much common-sense, and of some commonplace. In this West Highland story, tragic tale of destiny as it is, her poetry is not on the top. "Red Rowans" may have the more admirers; and, for its excellent qualities of liveliness, tolerance, its mockery of cut-and-dried theories and of mawkish sentiment, it deserves a great many. I regret the end of it, but its tales of fishing and boating in glen and loch will be cheerfully reminiscent of happy days to many a Scotch tourist.

Mr. Robert Chambers's "In the Quarter" (Chatto) is good enough to turn a dull hour or two into pleasant ones, though the book wears a little, if it does not depress, by the melodrama of its end. It is by no means so good as his "King in Yellow," which, with all its faults, had uncommon qualities of imagination and style. But when Mr. Chambers has been happy he can tell us so in an enjoyable way, and of the beloved "quarter" he has lifelike memories that make his recital real to us. The light-hearted, reckless student tales are the best; the love story is morbid, and the tragedy descends to weak raving. But when Mr. Chambers can control his emotions, he will be one of the story-writers to be counted with.

The "Life of Sarsfield," in the "New Irish Library," is the best volume in the series, except, perhaps, Dr. Hyde's "Study of Gaelic Literature," which, however, must appeal to fewer readers. And it is certainly Dr. Todhunter's best bit of work, his verse not at all excepted. He has a fine subject, and though Mr. Barry O'Brien, in his preface, speaks of the author's brave efforts to do justice to the patriot's memory, this has really reference only to minor criticisms and to the English general assumption that an Irish Jacobite must be fighting on the wrong side. Of course, English folk thought him ill-judged, but he was ever accounted a hero, nevertheless, for he had the qualities that win love all the world over. Gallant and dauntless, never owning defeat, Sarsfield has had many an Anglo-Saxon admirer, who could give little reason, perhaps, for his feelings, save that Thomas Davies' rhyme clung about his memory and imagination—

Sarsfield and all his chivalry
Are fighting for France in the Low Countrie.
Sarsfield is dying on Landen's plain!
His corselet had met the ball in vain;
As his life-blood gushes into his hand,
He says, "Oh that this was for fatherland!"

Reason and point will be given to our admiration by Dr. Todhunter's gallant story of the hero's life and death, of the struggles of the Irish Jacobites, and the flight of the "Wild Geese." If the level of this volume be kept up, the series may even become popular.

That it is one of a series of manuals of English literature, presumably meant for students' use, should not scare away the ordinary reader from Mr. E. K. Chambers's "English Pastorals" (Blackie). He has made a dainty selection out of this fascinating field of poetry, from the time of Spenser and Sidney and Lyly to the recent days of George Darley and John Clare, choosing, for the most part, with fine taste, such pastorals as are not too far divorced from natural and spontaneous delight in a simple country life, where the inspiration which first led to the invention of the form has not all died out. Mr. Chambers writes very sympathetically of the dead art, the relic of a time, older even than most of the pastorals in his book, when simple country folk did speak and think in poetry. The power has passed from them, and their successor, the modern poet of nature, speaks to them in an unknown tongue.

The shepherds meet him where he herds the kine,
And careless pass him by whose is the gift divine,

quotes Mr. Chambers from Mrs. Woods, a genuine and too-little considered poetess of our own day.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



ARTÉMIS.—JULES CHARLES AVIAT.

EXHIBITED IN THE SALON DES CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

ART NOTES.

We very much fear—and we regret the fact very deeply—that the society known as the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty does not seem likely to accomplish its endeavours to preserve the Falls of Foyers as a place of naturally artistic beauty. At all events, so far as the County of Inverness is concerned, the question has been decided by the Inverness-shire County Council. The bare facts of the case read thus: The Road Board having approved of certain deviations of roads to enable the Aluminium Company to store the requisite quantity of water, the County Council has approved of the report, the Council having, as the chairman explained, no power to interfere in the matter. It appears that about three hundred petitions from various societies and bodies in England were submitted, but the Council decided that they could “not be entertained.”

With which elegant language one may suppose that the fate of the Falls of Foyers is sealed. We regret it, as we have said, and upon the general principle that, however important it may be to devote natural motive-power in the world to utilitarian ends, it so rarely happens that such motive-power is associated with extreme artistic beauty that, when the coincidence does occur, utilitarianism should be frankly sacrificed in the instance of too rare a loveliness. As Canon Rawnsley puts it, “Whether or not the offence is aggravated by spoil-heaps and the destruction of vegetation, it remains true that the finest waterfall in the British Isles is to be destroyed for commercial purposes.” And there, we suppose, the matter ends. We have made our protests, and in vain; it is not ill, however, that the protests have been made.



“HURRIES MAIMED OR DEAD EARTHWARD.”

From “*Rooks and their Neighbours*” (Mawson, Swan, and Morgan).

The water-colour collector may breathe again. It may (or may not) be remembered that, some years ago, a considerable agitation fluttered his dove-cotes by the sudden spread of a superstition that the action of light upon water-colours was extremely damaging to their preservation. At that time the subject was considered so important that a Government Committee actually issued a Report upon it. Since then, the Burlington



SOME CABBAGE-PLANTS À LA ROSE.—WILL A. CADBY.

Exhibited at the Royal Photographic Society.

Fine Art Club has been making practical experiment in this matter, and has just now issued its report, based upon investigations that have occupied Professor Church and his staff some thirteen months. Their conclusions are extremely satisfactory.

Seventeen pigments were treated in three different ways—“set in vacuo,” “set in dry air,” and “set in ordinary frame.” Of these fifty-one experiments, it appears that forty-eight were practically reassuring, the epithet “unfaded” having been recorded twelve times, and “no change” and “no apparent change”—though we do not quite understand the difference—leaving a margin of three “apparent” changes. The material conclusion is that, if this is the result after severe and trying tests upon the pigments, the less exacting demands of a drawing-room will naturally leave the collector’s possessions unhurt.

Munich is to provide us with yet another great International Art Exhibition, which we trust may prove as successful as its predecessors. The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have been informed that the seventh great International Art Exhibition will be held at Munich in 1897, under the patronage of the Prince Regent of Bavaria, mainly on the lines of the rules of the exhibition of five years ago. Further particulars are promised later.

A very interesting work is “*Rooks and their Neighbours*,” by Mr. J. G. Sowerby, published by Messrs. Mawson, Swan, and Morgan. The letterpress is extremely accurate and matter-of-fact, and the illustrations are often full of fancy and of poetical feeling, not so much in the large and elaborate full-page drawings as in the marginal sketches of bare trees, chimneys, snow landscapes, and gabled roofs, all emphasised and picked out by rooks in every conceivable attitude of repose, fluttering, anger and emotion generally. Perhaps what makes the book all the more charming to the casual reader is that it “lays no claim to be considered a scientific treatise. Neither can it be called a book of popular natural history; it is merely some desultory gossip about ‘Rooks and their Neighbours.’”

SHAKSPERE UP TO DATE.

A CHAT WITH MR. A. H. WALL.

It has been my lot to visit the birthplace of Shakspeare a good many times (writes a *Sketch* representative), and, on each occasion, my visit to the Memorial Library has been rendered exceptionally enjoyable by the intellectual treat that a chat with its Librarian afforded. There was always something to be learned from the breezy-mannered, genial gentleman whose very appearance gave one the idea that he had been made for the post, apart from the fact that he is a distinguished *littérateur*, and steeped in Shakspeare to the finger-tips. Accordingly, when I learned that he was no longer at the Memorial, my disappointment was very keen, and my interest in the building seemed to fade right out. I had been so accustomed to his inspiring, cheery welcome, and his hearty grasp of the hand, that, without these recognitions, I seemed lost. There was something very much wanting, and only to be compared with witnessing the play of "Hamlet" with the title-rôle omitted.

Ascertaining that he was to be found at his residence in Payton Street, I quickly betook myself there, and, though very busy, he was only too pleased to give a few minutes, provided I would make the subject-matter more Shaksperian than personal.

"May I ask how you came to resign your librarianship, Mr. Wall?"

"That, for instance, is a subject I would rather avoid. That the Managing Committee and myself were not at one goes without saying. Hence my change from superintending the Memorial Library to founding and editing the first Shaksperian magazine that has been produced in this country."

"You must have been there some years?"

"Yes; I passed six very happy years there. I loved my work, and put my whole heart in it, and, I think, made more real friends during that time than I could have believed possible, especially among the most enthusiastic Shaksperians, and that, too, although I held and expressed many original views which were, until quite recently, opposed to those more generally accepted."

"I need scarcely ask the question, but I suppose the affairs of the Memorial did not decline under your régime?"

"The various annual reports endorsed by the Managing Committee will answer your question better than I can. They give ample evidence. If you consult those, you will find that during the first eight years of its existence the Library grew at the rate of 500 volumes per annum, and during my librarianship to the extent of 1000 volumes yearly."

"There have been some interesting acquisitions since I was last here?"

"Yes. They have taken the form of rare quarto and folio editions, many of which are out of print. Volumes of Shaksperiana, British, Colonial, and foreign; with volumes of unique interest and value, composed of classified excerpts and newspaper cuttings, all of which were being carefully indexed for easy reference, &c. The most important of recent additions was the Davenant terra-cotta bust from the Duke's Theatre erected in Lincoln's Inn Fields in the time of Charles II. The extraordinary feature in this case is the startlingly close resemblance which exists between this beautifully executed bust and the death-mask now so carefully preserved in the Grand Ducal Museum at Darmstadt."

"Does the possession of this bust confirm or oppose your views?"

"It so far accords with my views as to the personal appearance and character of the poet, that it represents a face full of intellect and refinement—a face in the presence of which it is impossible to believe the coarse and degrading incidents which are antagonistic to the known facts of Shakspeare's life, and imply that he was a drunken ruffian and thief."

"Then you regard the poaching, drunken episodes as purely mythical?"

"Purely. For many years previous to my coming to Stratford, I had been an industrious collector of all kinds of facts having any bearing on these views, and my residence here has only served to substantiate my former conclusions."

"It is a long time ago since you first contributed Shaksperian articles, is it not?"

"Over thirty years. If you refer to the *Art Student* of 1864-5, you will find occasional articles of mine on Shaksperian subjects, and, by-the-by, in that magazine there is an engraving from a bust of Shakspeare obviously based upon the Davenant bust, at that time in the possession of the late Sir Richard Owen, which was also the original of the oldest portrait on Shakspeare medals and tokens, going back to the time when the Davenant bust was still visible over the entrance to the Duke's Theatre."

"From the time you mention (1864-5), you have continually contributed to Shaksperian literature, have you not?"

"I have to most of the leading papers and periodicals, and especially to the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, of which I was co-editor with Willmott Dixon and Byron Webber respectively; but of late my time was so occupied at the Memorial that my contributions were confined to a few articles in the American and Colonial magazines."

"I see it asserted that, were it not for American visitors, the Shakspeare lions of Stratford would fare badly. Is this correct?"

"Undoubtedly; and, according to my experience of the last six years, I found a larger proportion of American visitors were people of culture and refinement than I found in a like number of English visitors, admitting, however, that a certain number of the Americans were not in any sense of the word genuine Shaksperian pilgrims."

"Do you consider that English interest in Shakspeare is on the increase or decline?"

"On the increase. A proof of that will be found in the rapidly increasing number of Shakspeare Reading Societies throughout the country, which were never so numerous as they now are. It was this circumstance that caused me to start the Shaksperian magazine upon which I am now engaged."

"Then you are not leaving Stratford, Mr. Wall?"

"Oh dear, no! I find it much more congenial to continue my Shaksperian labours in the town where the poet was born and buried. I have always found pleasure in my investigations, and that pleasure is here hugely intensified by the fact of my being surrounded on every hand by the scenes and associations which must have greatly influenced the mind and genius of the poet. Writing, as I am, a new Life of Shakspeare, interpreted by the influences, surroundings, and suggestions of his native shire, it follows that it can be best accomplished on the spot. This will be easily understood by remembering how many historical incidents and personages figure in the history of Warwick and the poet's plays."

"Has the reception of your new venture been satisfactory?"

"My expectations have been more than realised, and, though

it is early days to speak with any degree of confidence, I think there is every indication that sufficient interest exists to support a magazine dealing solely with matters Shaksperian."

"I suppose it would have been impossible for you to have retained your post and carried on the *Shaksperian*?"

"Quite impossible; inasmuch as my time was largely taken up with distinguished Shaksperian visitors and inquiring students, many of whom kept up a continuous correspondence."

"I suppose you have not been visited by many avowed Baconians?"

"Indeed I have, many of them being of a distinctly aggressive disposition. Moreover, of all the books published by Baconians, few, if any, of those who have written in support of this theory have failed to send copies of their works to the Memorial Library."

"Have you any sympathy with the Baconian party?"

"None whatever. The only feeling I have with regard to them is one of mingled astonishment and perplexity that persons of indisputable literary ability can be so deluded. On the library shelves there are references to Shakspeare, as the author of the plays, by hundreds of contemporaries, most of whom were familiar with both Shakspeare and Bacon."

Thanking Mr. Wall for the information so courteously afforded, and wishing him every success—for the *Shaksperian* is practically Mr. Wall—I left, wondering how the Memorial people could let so gifted a Shaksperian slip through their fingers.



MR. A. H. WALL.

Photo by Catherine Weed Ward.



THE 8th (THE KING'S ROYAL IRISH) REGIMENT OF LIGHT DRAGOONS, 1793.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



8th ROYAL IRISH HUSSARS (HEAVY MARCHING ORDER), 1895.

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THE HON. MRS. THOMAS DUNDAS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

SOME LONDON PUBLISHERS.

X.—MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

No firm of London publishers has a higher reputation, and certainly no house issues a smaller percentage of inferior books, than Messrs. Chatto and Windus. This may be attributed to the fact that this firm has very



MR. W. A. CHATTO.

strong opinions on one of the most vital principles of publishing—that is to say, Messrs. Chatto and Windus limit themselves as far as possible to the production of such works as they may be able to purchase outright, or for an agreed royalty upon every copy sold. It may be taken as an almost infallible test that a book which the leading publishers will not issue except on commission is a book which will not pay to produce. Many exceptions, of course, to this rule have occurred, even within recent years; but the rule is one which all young authors should invariably bear in mind.

But the all-important principle in question is only one of the several “adjuncts” to a successful publishing-house, and it would be worse than useless if it were not backed by a great good judgment on the part of literary advisers. So far as Messrs. Chatto and Windus are concerned, Mr. Andrew Chatto, the head of the firm, is his own reader, and is literary godfather to perhaps a greater number of books—but more particularly novels—than any other man living.

The origin and growth of the firm is not so much one of sensational incidents and fits and starts as of quiet but sturdy progress. The foundation of the firm was laid by that able and versatile individual, John Camden Hotten, to whose unceasing ingenuity and knowledge of what books were wanted we owe some most interesting and valuable works of standard importance.



Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.

When Hotten died, in 1873, Mr. Chatto purchased the business for twenty-five thousand pounds, and was shortly after joined, as a sleeping partner, by Mr. W. E. Windus. Three years later the firm effected another big transaction by purchasing from Henry G. Bohn the whole

of his stock and copyrights for twenty thousand pounds, Bohn's Libraries having been previously sold to Messrs. George Bell and Sons.

It is always pleasant to hear publishers talk of the men whom they have “discovered,” and on this subject Mr. Andrew Chatto, were he so minded, could write a very interesting volume. The first books of many well-known authors bear the imprint of Chatto and Windus—for example, David Christie Murray's “A Life's Atonement” and “Joseph's Coat”; Hall Caine's “Shadow of a Crime,” “A Son of Hagar,” and “The Deemster”; Grant Allen's “Philistia”; R. Louis Stevenson's “New Arabian Nights”; John Strange Winter's “Cavalry Life”; Rider Haggard's contributions to the *Gentleman's Magazine*; W. H. Mallock's “New Republic” and “Is Life Worth Living?”; and many others perhaps not so well known as the foregoing, but whose books are, on the whole, quite as promising. Messrs. Chatto and Windus's list of copyright works of fiction cannot be far short of a thousand; it includes the novels of Grant Allen, Sir Walter Besant, Frank Barrett, Robert Buchanan, Wilkie Collins, Charles Gibbon, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Justin McCarthy, “Ouida,” James Payn, Charles Reade, and Clark Russell, and important examples of the fiction of Stevenson, Hall Caine, Thomas Hardy, Conan Doyle, W. H. Mallock, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Hungerford, Mrs. Riddell, and Mrs. Croker. They are the sole English publishers of the works of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and Artemus Ward; and novels by other well-known American writers have been issued from their house—those, for instance, of Julian Hawthorne, Ambrose Bierce, Amelie Rives, John Hubbard, and C. Egbert Craddock.

Although the output of novels from 214, Piccadilly, forms a very large percentage of the gross total, the list of books in poetry, science, history, and biography contains a representative selection of the newest and more notable in each branch. In the first-named section they issue all the works of Mr. Swinburne, Dr. George MacDonald, Mr. Robert Buchanan; in science they are to the fore with works by R. A. Proctor, Camille Flammarion, Faraday, Grant Allen, Edward Clodd, Dr. Andrew Wilson, the late Dr. J. E. Taylor, and W. Mattieu Williams. But all these and many other facts may be gathered from a perusal of the two catalogues issued by the firm, and to each entry in that of fiction will be found appended an extract from some leading critical notice. If all novelists, and indeed authors generally, received in hard cash an amount corresponding to the praise which their books received, what a country of wealthy novelists this would be, to be sure! Even as it is, Messrs. Chatto and Windus have, in about twenty years, paid over a quarter of a million of money to various authors whose works they publish. Advertising costs about £6000 per year, to say nothing of some millions of catalogues, circulars, and so forth.

Mr. Andrew Chatto's relationship with “his authors” has always been of the most cordial nature. The best and most positive proof of this is to be found in the letters themselves, of which Mr. Chatto has enough to form a huge book of exceedingly interesting Memoirs.

Sir Walter Besant, who is not generally regarded as an indiscriminate eulogist of publishers, declared once, at a meeting of the Society of Authors, “I should like to see my friend Chatto driving in a gilded coach.” Robert Louis Stevenson, writing in October 1884, said: “You see, I leave this quite in your hands. To parody an old Scotch saying of servant and master, if you don't know that you have a good author, I know that I have a good publisher. Your fair, open, and handsome dealings are a good point in my life, and do more for my crazy health than has yet been done by any doctor.” Another letter is in reference to the Father Damien pamphlet, and, like the pamphlet itself, the author expresses himself with considerable vigour: “The letter to Dr. Hyde is yours, or any man's. I will never touch a penny of remuneration. I do not stick at murder; I draw the line at cannibalism. I could not eat a penny roll that piece of bludgeoning had gained for me.” The profits of this pamphlet, it may be mentioned, were paid over, on Stevenson's behalf, to the Leper Hospital Fund. As recently as August 1893, Stevenson concludes a letter from Samoa as follows: “I hope you are keeping very well, and that all marches in Piccadilly as heretofore. I am far out of the battle, and quite done with London; but I keep pleasant memories, dear Mr. Chatto, of yourself and all our dealings.”

Charles Reade was another of Mr. Chatto's intimate friends, and a



MR. ANDREW CHATTO, JUN.

Photo by Munil and Fox, Piccadilly.

selection of his letters (*penes* Chatto) will make an entertaining volume when the time comes for it to be published. Wilkie Collins was another great personal friend of Mr. Chatto, to whom he wrote, in March 1887—

I have more faith in your opinion than in mine. My head is full of two new stories, which float about in my brains, one uppermost at one time, and one at another; and really, the titles don't get a fair chance. In a clearer state of mind, I should have seen that "Mrs. Zant and the Ghost, and other Stories," was too long. As it is, I only see this when you help me. Let us, then, decide on "Little Novels." And if it should turn out that some damnable female writer has already used the title, let us stick to it nevertheless.

Mr. Chatto's father, William Andrew Chatto, who died in 1864, was a well-known writer on many subjects, his principal work being a "Treatise on Wood-Engraving," which has gone into three editions, and



MR. PERCY SPALDING.
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

is still the standard book on the subject. He also wrote a work on the "History of Playing-Cards," and projected, among other things, a penny daily comic illustrated paper, entitled *Puck*, which, however, had but a brief existence. W. A. Chatto kept a diary and commonplace-book, which contains vivid notes respecting such men as Dickens, Henry Mayhew, Kenny Meadows, "Phiz," and Herbert Ingram, the starting of the *Daily News*, *Punch*, and the *Illustrated London News*. It seems a great pity that this most interesting journal should remain unpublished.

Mr. Andrew Chatto, the head of the firm, is still in the prime of life, having been born on Nov. 11, 1840. At the age of fifteen he

started to learn the old bookselling business under John Camden Hotten, whose enterprises gradually led him into publishing. Mr. Percy Spalding, who joined Mr. Chatto in 1876, is a son of Mr. H. B. Spalding, late of the firm of Spalding and Hodge. The third partner is the second son and namesake of the senior member of the firm, and was admitted three years ago.

There will be no lack of mental food from 214, Piccadilly, during the coming season—entertaining and light literature, as well as more solid reading. Among the announcements, special mention may be made of the collected edition of Charles Reade's novels, in seventeen uniform volumes at three shillings and sixpence each, and also a similar edition of the novels of Sir Walter Besant and James Rice. Other fresh developments will occur in due course. This brief sketch would be incomplete indeed if it made no mention of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which was founded in 1731, and has an unbroken record. For many years this magazine has been in the hands of Messrs. Chatto and Windus, who are also the publishers of the *Idler*, one of the youngest of monthlies.

W. ROBERTS.



TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S NONE.
Photo by Speight, Market Harborough.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The fuss that has been made over the supposed "ultimatum" to Venezuela by certain American persons, whom an American journal (with a surely unnecessary zeal for drawing distinctions) describes as "blatherskites and newspaper men," seems rather ludicrous in the light of later information. The peremptory summons sent is merely for redress of a wrong done to certain British subjects, who were seized, deported, and beaten by a Venezuelan force intruding on what has been considered British territory, since it was occupied at all. The boundary question remains to be settled by peaceful methods. Thus the case is almost exactly the same as that in which a similar treatment was applied to Nicaragua, with excellent results. But even if the ultimatum *had* related to the boundary question, what has the "Monroe Doctrine" to do with it? That much-misunderstood principle merely lays down that European Powers must not carry their conflicts and their state system into America, that Spain must give up all thought of reconquering Mexico or Peru, and Portugal bid an endless farewell to Brazil. But when the United States seized a gigantic slice of Mexico, when Chile and Peru fought over the nitrate lands, when the surrounding states wiped out Paraguay for a time, Monroe had nothing to say; and British Guiana and Venezuela can surely settle *their* limits without an appeal to his august shade.

The whole contention of the "blatherskites and newspaper men" is merely absurd. England, as an American Power, is considerably older than the United States. If the latter country is to protect all the discreditable anarchies known as South American republics from the unpleasant consequences of their disorder and bad faith, it must keep them in order. If it guards their frontiers, it must also guarantee their debts; and to secure that result, England would gladly give up all disputed territories. But to say that while the United States and Chile in the past have—well, annexed not one, but many horses, British Guiana is not to be allowed to plant a hedge, much less look over one, is obviously and grotesquely unfair.

But the vaunts of the Venezuelan Minister at Washington are most interesting. Crespo the dauntless needs no help, not he. He will throw a hundred thousand veterans—trained by running away from one another in civil war—into British Guiana, and then let the tyrants tr-r-r-remble! We would match Mr. Chamberlain's three Maxims against Crespo's hundred thousand, or so many of them as he gets to the frontier. Let him throw them into Guiana. They will do to fill up some swamps, and above their glorious graves some American-sympathiser may write the epitaph—"Rubbish shot here."

The imposture known as literary criticism is doomed. It may not know it, but such is the case. Miss Marie Corelli has solemnly refused to give any copies of her new work, "The Sorrows of Satan," to any reviewer; and those who would retaliate on her for the vengeance she took on them in the matter of "Barabbas" will have to buy, beg, borrow, or steal copies for themselves. The story might be called "The Sorrows of Slating," for the most malevolent of critics will think twice before he *pays* for his victim. Probably the gifted lady will not suffer greatly by her resolution. The critics do not love her works, and those that love her works are no critics. So she will sell her book, and the reviewers will not have to notice it, and all concerned will be happy—except, we may presume, Satan, and *he* doesn't matter.

But what a theme for a Swinburnian ode, after the familiar model!

Ah, beautiful passionate phrases,
That never have sunk into sense!
Though the critic decries and dispraises,
He pays for you shillings and pence;
He buys, if he begs not nor borrows
From others more foolish or flush,
Thy story of Satan his Sorrows,
Our Lady of Gush!

If he crawls from his gutter mephitic
To sting thy victorious heel,
That crusty, cantankerous critic
Must pay thee the price of a meal.
Thou shalt soar, while he creeps on his belly,
His head thou shalt conquer and crush,
O fearless and fervid Corelli,
Our Lady of Gush!

MARMITON.

NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



OLD MAN : Parson prayed for fine weather last Sunday, but it rains more 'an ever.

FARM LABOURER : 'E don't know 'ow to pray ; that 'ere man at the chapel 'ud pray 'is shirt off.



A CYCLE SEQUEL.



AMERICAN : Hullo ! who are you ?

YANKEE (?) : Why, an American, of course, made in England.



EN ROUTE TO THE WEDDING BREAKFAST.

TWO HOURS IN MADEIRA.

As soon as the motion made by the propeller ceased, I was awake in an instant, and, putting on my shoes, and an overcoat over my pyjamas, scrambled up on deck.

Instead of the unbroken wilderness of water to which we had grown accustomed, Madeira lay, like a sleeping swan, within pistol-shot, and was just discernible in the grey light of early dawn. The fading light



A MADEIRA HANSOM.

of the broken moon was sending its reflection across the still sea as the rowing-boats, with their variety of coloured lights, put off from shore and completed a picture as unexpected as it was enchanting.

With the rapidly increasing daylight, the island revealed fresh beauties as the sun caught the bright-red roofs and white-walled houses that nestle among the green foliage, and the masses of flowering shrubs that beautify it from the water's edge to the heights above.

One of the first visitors from shore that awed me was a very Portuguese-looking gentleman, with a very Portuguese sombrero, and a sort of undress matador costume. He wore baby curls on his forehead, and, in the words of the classic ballad, his "golden hair was hanging down his back," added to which, he appeared to possess a reasonable appreciation of his own importance. I thought at first that he was King of Madeira, then I put him down as a Portuguese nobleman or as a retired bull-fighter; but, on inquiry, I discovered that his name was Jones, and that he was a hotel proprietor, and, in justice to him, I should add that I hear that he makes his visitors very comfortable.

The second person who made me feel like a worm was the officer who came on board in the interests of the Custom House. He strutted about in his uniform like a newly fledged sea-cock for some time, until, wearying of his resplendence and his duties, he went to sleep in a quiet



THE MARKET-PLACE.

corner, with his arms folded, and his chin buried in the mass of medals that adorned his breast. Here he remained till his friends awoke him and took him home.

Having had it constantly impressed upon me that visitors to Madeira had to pay a tax on landing, I was agreeably surprised to find that this was not the case, as, beyond the "two bobs" the boatmen ask for the double journey, there is no payment whatsoever.

Madeira, for its size, has a fair sprinkling of interesting invalids, who follow the profession of mendicancy with voluble enthusiasm. In the season, from November to April, they show their sores to emphasise their

claims upon the charitable, but, July being an off-season, we escaped these delights as we made our way through the sellers of Madeira-work (embroidery), fruit, hats, flowers, and walking-sticks. Passengers landing for the first time say "No, thank you," to these importunate traders, but men after their third visit say "Go to the devil!" Until I noticed this I had always entertained an idea that travel improved one's manners.

Once rid of the invalids and merchants, we wandered under an avenue of trees to the gardens, accompanied by a persevering guide, who lighted a half-starved cigarette, and, generously overlooking our



A MADEIRA "GROWLER."

hints to the effect that he was not wanted, pointed out the different objects of interest with such easy grace and imperturbable good-humour that I gave in, and hired him to carry my umbrella. When the sun grew hot, I thought the weight of it would distress him, and carried it myself—open.

In my previous trip in the Tantalum Castle I was disappointed to find Hamburg like London, Copenhagen like Hamburg, and Gothenburg like Copenhagen. What distinctive characteristics there were had to be sought for; but in Madeira, to the untravelled, no such disappointment exists; all is novelty. The houses have a Spanish quaintness, and, in addition to the red roofs and glaring white walls discernible from the ship, the doors and windows are painted bright green. Vines cluster in odd corners, the magnolia blooms in the streets, and the cactus grows on the stone walls. Lemons, loquats, granadillas, custard-apples, olives, figs, sugar-cane, are met with during a short walk, while the banana, which grows wild, can be seen, ripening on the trees, without leaving the town.

There is no electric light yet in Madeira; they hadn't even started gas when I arrived, oil-lamps and candles being at present their only artificial luminaries. The vehicles possess neither wheels nor horses. The cabs look like disused swing-boats, possibly left by some bankrupt travelling-fair, which the natives have put on runners, forming a sort of



THE SHORE.

sleigh—or sledge, as we call it in England—which diminutive oxen drag over the diminutive cobble-stones with which the town is paved. These and the palanquin transport passengers, while logs of wood, drawn by oxen, carry luggage too heavy for men or mules. There are no side-walks, so that, in the event of your meeting any traffic, you either scramble into a shop and let it pass, or back down the street and go up another that isn't occupied.

Directly I removed my camera from its case, the entire population, with a smile and shrug of its shoulders, fell into artistic poses in front of my "finder," and waited to be photographed. Even the priests stand

still and meditate if they twig the camera in operation. I should have "snapped" a holy father, but they shade themselves with umbrellas, and consequently are not possible subjects. For the man with the "kodak," or the more modern "kodet" or "bull's-eye," Madeira is a paradise. The brilliant colouring that everywhere enchants you is unfortunately lost in a photograph. The violet tints of the onions the boys carry on their shoulders must be imagined, together with the colours of the fruit, flowers, and coloured shawls of the women, to gain a correct idea of the charm of this picturesque island.

As the morning advanced the shops opened. This is accomplished in the haberdashery line by the proprietor pushing back the green window-shutters, and then pinning on them, with ordinary pins, a coloured handkerchief or so and a few yards of stuff. Taking two strides backwards, he leans against the wall on the other side of the street, contemplates his decorated shutters as he puffs the never-absent cigarette, and is then ready for customers. The largest hat store had five soft hats and three caps, divided between two windows. This shop, having no shutters, was soon opened. The proprietor and his two assistants, in order to stand the strain caused by a rush of business, were fortifying themselves by eating a large dish of winkles, which they

and her husband went off to the hills to visit a convent, which took three-quarters of an hour to reach, and about ten minutes to return from. The oxen were unyoked from the sleighs after reaching the top, and the passengers were allowed to toboggan down the hill, the drivers running in front and behind, guiding them. Sir Charles and Lady Hallé, in another sleigh, ran the Loftus party pretty close, till, with the drivers bathed in perspiration, they all reached the bottom in safety. In addition to the lovely view, and a naked baby that babbled for alms at the convent gates, they saw a bull-fight between a goat and a bantam cock, and had a capital bottle of Madeira wine.

The police are boys dressed as soldiers, who inhabit sentry-boxes planted about the streets. The Madeira constabulary appeared to amuse one of our serio-comic ladies, a tall, pretty English girl, who patted these young gentlemen on the back, and persisted in their eating some of her strawberries, which she forced into their mouths whenever she came across them. I wonder what the Portuguese think of us.

It is best to behave courteously to the foreigner, or you may find you lose the boat. A young man pelted some of the officials with oranges, as a lark, and found himself detained for having contraband goods in his possession. He had nothing liable to duty, and they knew it; but, as the



A SOUTH AFRICAN HANSOM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. W. WILSON AND CO., LTD., ABERDEEN.

extracted with pins, as I have seen done in England, and then flung the shells through the open door into the street.

The Billingsgate of Madeira is held in a shaded square, in which are several stone counters, each covered by a square roof supported by pillars. One fishmonger's stock consisted of an enormous porpoise, which he cut up and sold in steaks. The flesh is red, like salmon, but the price is different, as customers appeared to get about six pounds for twopence. If your early training has inclined you to the belief that the porpoise is not an edible fish, you have only to examine the horrible monsters for sale at the other counters to be convinced that the human stomach can digest anything. The porpoise merchant did the best trade, however, washing his hands, after each sale, in the gutters that intersect the market-place. The Cathedral, with its steps and beggars, was a scene in actuality from "Cavalleria Rusticana." Inside, I found a priest praying with a few peasants, who made a scant but devout congregation.

At the first hotel we stopped at, the waiter, as he dilated on the *menu*, scratched his head with a table-fork, which had the effect of staying our appetites until we reached the Carcino Hotel, where we had a capital breakfast, at three shillings a-head, and waiters who had no misconceptions as to the recognised employment of a table-fork. The last time I had met Miss Marie Loftus was at the Palace Theatre, where, my "turn" following hers, we had generally a chat each evening, and here we were again in the Carcino Garden, actually surrounded by the tropical scenery so often given us on the variety stage to enhance, by its inappropriateness, the success of our artistic efforts. After breakfast, Miss Loftus

boat left at ten o'clock, and the magistrate could not be seen till eleven o'clock, he found himself in a fix. He might have been fined a few thousand reis—a few shillings—for the assault, and then set at liberty, but the steamer to Africa would have left, and he would have forfeited his passage-money. In this case a fiver got him off in time, and enabled the Government officials to retire for life. When a policeman gets tired, he gives a fearful, prolonged yell, whereupon the garrison turn out and discuss the matter with him, and, if his arguments are sufficiently persuasive, he is relieved.

The Madeira Board of Works is a very old Portuguese, in appearance like a sun-burnt Irishman. This old gentleman wanders about with a few cobble-stones in one pocket and a hammer in the other. If he observes that the road is out of repair, he sits down and leisurely rakes the earth level with the claw end of his hammer, and fills it up with some of the stones he carries about with him. Having risen to his feet, he uses them in lieu of a steam-roller, and the job is finished to the satisfaction of the circle of ragged ratepayers who scrutinise his operations.

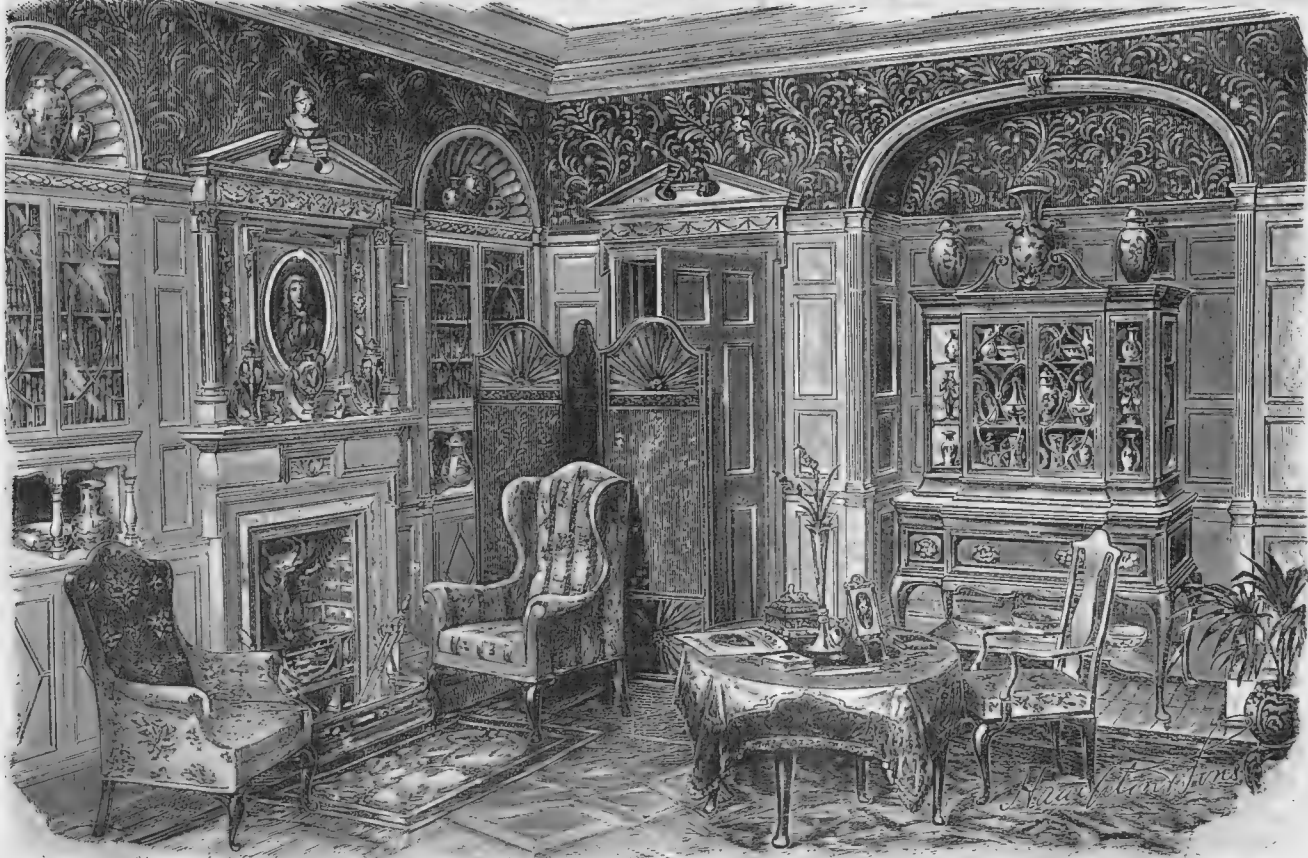
I have not alluded to the diving-boys, as the subject is trite. The water is very clear, and coins sink slowly, descending in a zigzag fashion. Diving, like other arts, is in a bad way, the boys diving now for pennies; and though two shillings was the charge formerly for diving under the ship, this feat is now offered for sixpence.

The hotel living is about seven shillings and sixpence a-day and, for longer periods much less. To anyone in search of a change of scene and a pleasant sea-trip, I would suggest a return ticket by a Castle liner and a stay in Madeira.

ROBERT GANTHONY.

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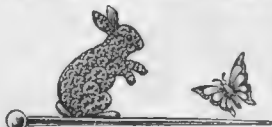
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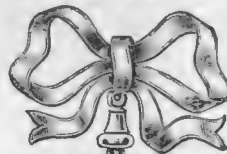
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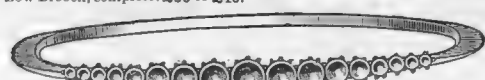
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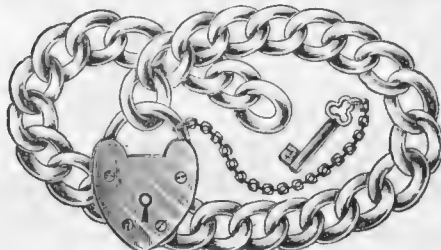


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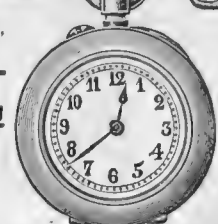
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WOMEN WORKERS AT NOTTINGHAM.

We were told recently, in a "leader" of a contemporary daily, that "woman is being overdone. She is being discussed and canvassed as if she were not only a separate sex, but also a newly discovered denizen of a distinct planet. Meanwhile, woman, of course, remains just as she has always been." If the unwary writer of the above dictum had been present at the Nottingham Conference of Women during the past week, whatever he might choose to retain of the opening clauses, he would, *nolens volens*, have had to withdraw the last one. The shock of the overwhelming demonstration of the fallacy of his conclusions would have opened his eyes and ears wide, never to shut again, to the fact that woman is *not* remaining "just as she has always been." Women, individually, are not only emerging from the shadows that have brooded over their sex for so long, in the way of limited education and legal disabilities, but they are bending strenuous exertions to the bringing of their sisters up to the light with them. Not that these points, in which one sex has been unequally served over the other, formed the sole themes for discussion of the Nottingham Conference. By no means. The Union embraces in its membership all who are interested or engaged in any department of woman's work, be it religious, educational, philanthropical, social, or industrial. And so it came about that delegates gathered from ladies' colleges, girls' and children's protection societies, sick-nursing, home arts, and a score of other associations, women's settlements, and temperance bodies; that there were representatives of village workers, County Councillors, Poor Law Guardians, School Boards, and other good things too numerous to mention.

as President of the local Union, gave welcome to the delegates and visitors attending the Seventh Annual Conference of the N.U.W.W. in the Mechanics' Hall at Nottingham on Tuesday last.

The Address of Welcome was full of thought and heart. "Your welcome," said Lady Laura Ridding, "comes from nearly six thousand women—the wives, mothers, and workers of the two counties of Derbyshire and Notts; from country villages, as well as from mining and factory towns; from miners' wives, mechanics' wives, factory and warehouse workers, shop employees, Day and Sunday School teachers, parish workers, Poor Law Guardians, philanthropic workers, the wives of professional men and of country squires, and of some of the highest in the land."

The address was followed by papers by Miss Pycroft, of London, and Miss Florence Baddeley, of Gloucester, on "Technical Classes under County Councils," discussion being introduced by Miss Parker and Miss K. M. Hunter, M.D., both of London. In the afternoon—Mrs. Creighton presiding—papers were read on "State Regulations Affecting Women's Work," by Mrs. Sydney Webb and Miss Gould.

In the evening, Mrs. Alfred Booth, of Liverpool, in the chair, "The Probable Effect on the Position of Women of Granting them the Parliamentary Suffrage" was very ably dealt with by Mrs. Henry Fawcett, Mrs. Henry Sandford, of Chester, bringing forth arguments, in a succeeding paper, against Women's Enfranchisement. The President informed the meeting that the United Kingdom had been ransacked from end to end before a lady was forthcoming with the courage to read a paper opposing Woman's Suffrage.

Lady Laura Ridding presided over the morning's sitting of Wednesday, when "Women's Work in Country Villages" came before the meeting. Lady Battersea opened with a clear-headed, practical



LADY BATTERSEA.

Photo by C. E. Frij, Gloucester Terrace, S.W.



MRS. CREIGHTON. (PRESIDENT).

Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.



MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

Photo by Watery, Regent Street, W.

The hospitality of Nottingham is of the freest and heartiest. Nearly all the three hundred and fifty or so of ladies attending the gathering were quartered on the residents, who entertained their guests in right royal fashion. So complete, indeed, were all the arrangements, that Mrs. Creighton, President of the N.U.W.W. (wife of the Bishop of Peterborough), referring to them in a little speech made at the mayoral reception given to the visitors, said she was rather sorry she did not know how to faint, as she had been told that four stalwart young ladies had been specially told off to carry out any ladies who might faint.

Mrs. Creighton inaugurated the serious business of the Conference on Monday afternoon, Oct. 21, by holding a meeting for mothers, which was largely attended. In the evening, the Mayor and Mrs. Bright entertained between five hundred and six hundred guests—delegates, visitors, their hostesses and hosts—at the Exchange Hall. The gathering was a very bright and pleasant one, notwithstanding the inevitable sparseness of mankind. One London lady was heard to exclaim, "I never saw so many women together in my life before."

If the activity of the tongue could be taken as the measure of the pleasure experienced by their guests, then his Worship of Nottingham, and his lady, can lay much flattering unction to their souls, for the happiness of the company must have been supreme. Surely such a deafening buzz of confabulation was never heard within the grave Exchange Hall walls before. A Nottingham lady, looking around on the cheery, laughing groups, observed reflectively, "I never thought clever, good women could be so frivolous."

The first Conference of Women Workers took place at Barnsley in 1889, initiated by Miss Gray, of that town, and Miss Janes, of London, the organising secretary of the present Conference. Since then, the movement has rapidly developed. Gatherings have been held at Birmingham, Liverpool, Bristol, Leeds, Glasgow, and Lady Laura Ridding,

paper on "Temperance Work in Grouped Villages," in which much of her own personal experience was brought to bear in proof of her views on the question. An excellent paper, vivaciously delivered by Mrs. Wodehouse, of Gotham, near Derby, showed "What a Lady can do in a Country Village," and "Rural District Nursing" was discoursed upon by Mrs. Edward Clements, of Grantham.

In the afternoon, attention was given to the "Placing Out of Children by Guardians and Others" and "Some Problems of Outdoor Relief," the papers being read by Miss Rose Warry, of London, and Mrs. Calverley, of Northampton. Miss Clifford, of Bristol, presided over this meeting.

The evening saw the Conference, under the leadership of Mrs. Creighton, busy considering the "Present Position of Women's Education," two papers being read respectively by Miss Ottley, of the Girls' High School, Worcester, and Mrs. Henry Sidgwick (sister of Mr. A. J. Balfour), Newnham College, Cambridge, the discussions being led off by Miss Maitland, Somerville College, and Miss Agnes J. Ward, sister-in-law of Mrs. Humphry Ward. While this was going on in the Lecture Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, the large hall was filled to overflowing with over one thousand young business ladies of Nottingham, who were addressed most earnestly by Lady Frederick Cavendish, her subject being "The True Woman, Not the New Woman." At another meeting, her Grace Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, chose for her subject "Following that which is Good," setting before her audience the necessity of concentration and continuity in all that they undertook. The Hon. Sarah Lyttelton took "Home Life" as her text, and read a very commonsense, practical paper.

"The Ethics of Work," dealt with by Miss Christabel Coleridge, Torquay, and the Hon. Mrs. A. T. Lyttelton, and a concluding address by Mrs. Creighton in the evening, ended the General Meetings of the Conference, Friday being devoted to special councils, &c.

IN CLUBLAND WITH THE LADIES.

There are now fewer misogynists in Clubland than there used to be a quarter of a century ago, apparently. At that time the thresholds of only one or two clubs at most had ever been crossed by female foot, except on the occasion, perhaps, of some great national procession passing the doors of the club, when special invitation to the wives and daughters of members was issued; indeed, so recluse were the members of some of the oldest clubs that even male visitors were inadmissible to their sacred foci, and the rule still obtains in a few, while a greater number still taboo lady visitors, and the members of these rather hug themselves with the enjoyment of the fact that herein they can find a haven of rest—"Where even my wife can't follow me," as a veteran member was once heard to say. The lady visitor is now, however, quite an institution, though in some clubs her visits are quite angelic from their infrequency, being limited to tea and a hurried survey of the gorgeous interior of one of these castles of selfishness, on some particular day in the week. But it was not to be expected that this state of things could endure for ever while the younger generation of our womenfolk "was knocking at the door." One by one clubs arose the speciality of which was entertainment provided for the fair sex. One now defunct, through malversation of the funds by one of the officials, made quite a mark in the history of Clubland by reason of the excellence of its entertainments, and all women spoke well of it. And, of course, that club has had imitators, but it has not as yet ever been eclipsed—dulness in one case, and over-laxity in another, being the causes, probably, of their want of equally complete success.

We men are acquiring a better nature, possibly. We not only seek ladies' society more than we used to do in the old three-bottle days, but there is evidence in the existence of a club admitting lady guests that we are growing less selfish and more grateful. The club which admits ladies within its portals, which decorates its dinner and supper tables with flowers in their honour, where afternoon teas are the sequel to visits in their company to picture galleries and to *matinées*, while luncheons follow the park meets of the coaching clubs, has become almost a necessity of the age as well as a boon to the bachelor, especially as he can return in a measure the frequent hospitalities which he is constantly receiving from the *dames de société*.

But to "run" a club of this special character requires special qualification on the part of its proprietors and of its committee. They must be men of business without being tradesmen. Cheeseparing and niggardliness must be words unknown in their vocabulary. Honest value with a fair profit on the comestibles and potables is the only true key-note of success from a financial point of view. The greater the taste displayed in furniture, appointments, and decorations, the more the senses of sight and of comfort will be gratified, and commensurably will be the reward to the organisers. But an element quite as important as the *cuisine* and *la cave* is the company to be met within the walls of the club. To be *chic* a club of this class must be, to a great extent, exclusive. Its committee must know to whom to say no, and it must guard itself rigidly against the intrusion of undesirable visitors from a social point of view.

We said above that such clubs are a necessity of the age, not only on the grounds previously referred to, but from the exigencies arising from the stringency of the licensing laws, which require all public restaurants to be closed at an abnormally early hour. Such regulations have not kept pace with the later hours which are now in vogue among opera- and theatre-goers. At a well-known restaurant not a hundred miles from the Thames Embankment, the hour of supper on a Sunday or Saturday night is a scramble of minutes, from which the only evasion is the engagement of a room to entitle the entertainer to the privileges, untrammelled by the police, of a hotel guest. Now, these irksome regulations are avoided within the doors of the club, where repose of mind helps digestion, and where "scenes" not unknown even in one of the best restaurants are impossible occurring consequent on the special selectness of the club members and their friends. Such a club need not necessarily provide amusement of its own. Small *coteries* of friends are perfectly able to make their own entertainment. Everyone likes to talk, and that is encouraged by music soft and sympathetic. Concerts in clubs with their serried lines of chairs are so desperately dull that they differ little from missionary meetings with the exception of there being no collection.

We were guests recently at a club which inaugurated the first of this season's Sunday dinners. This club looks upon the Green Park, and from the bay window of its smoking-room you may watch rank and fashion passing to and from the Park, while your mind may be carried back to Jacobite times when the "pickadils" or spear-pointed ruffs were sold extensively at an emporium near by to meet the prevailing mode of the period. We carried away with us the pleasurable remembrance of a little company at table whose names are crystallised in the history of the political and social world of to-day, while the charming effect of electric light shaded by silken shades lent a soft glamour to the silver and glass appointments of the table and the garden of flowers about the rooms and tables, and the music, for it was a band night, stole gently upon the ear. Other senses were touched by the elements of the choice menu and by the careful selection of wines of well-known vintages.

This club was, some little time ago, in liquidation, but it has arisen from the ashes of the past under a new proprietary and a committee who seem determined to profit by the errors of management, lack of judgment, and irresponsible misfortunes which have characterised kindred undertakings. At any rate, the recent re-election of the club seems to us to have been a very wise step, and likely to tend towards future success. L.

HERALDING "THE PAGEANT."

"Take up and read" is the motto of Messrs. H. Henry and Co., which legend, in the case of their forthcoming annual, "The Pageant," might well run, "Take up and admire," for even if the book contained no literature, it would still be very precious. The other day (writes a *Sketch* representative) I was privileged to take a private view of the illustrations, which will make "The Pageant" one of the most noteworthy books of the year. Under the kind direction of Mr. C. Hazlewood Shannon, the art editor, I examined the art contributions and learned something of the design of the volume, which will be enriched by reproductions of the works of Masters, old and young, and middle-aged.

"First," said the art editor, "I may show you a peculiarly exquisite reproduction of Mr. Charles Ricketts' 'Œdipus,' which will appear only in the *édition de luxe*. To secure this perfection the Swan Electric Engraving Company have spent themselves, making, on their own initiative, copy after copy until they attained this wonderful result."

From that we went through the illustrations *seriatim*, and Mr. Shannon, at the same time, gave some account of the literature that is to accompany the pictures. There will be two examples from Rossetti, one a most elaborate pen-and-ink drawing, entitled "Mary Magdalene at the House of Simon the Pharisee," which gains interest from the fact that George Meredith sat for the head of Christ. The other Rossetti is the "Monna Rosa," for which M. Paul Verlaine has written a poem. Mr. Swinburne will also contribute a poem, "A Roundel of Rabelais," which will be accompanied by the poet's portrait, printed in red, after the original of Mr. Will Rothenstein. Mr. Swinburne sat specially for this drawing, the first time he has given anyone a sitting for twenty years. "Perseus and Medusa" is from an unpublished picture in tempera by Sir E. Burne-Jones, whose "Sea Nymph" will also be reproduced. Sir John Millais' "Love" and his "Sir Isumbras of the Ford," Mr. G. F. Watts's "Ariadne," his "Paolo and Francesca," Mr. Whistler's "Symphony in White," No. III., and "The Doctor," an original lithograph of the artist's brother, make up the tale of works by older living artists. These are followed by a reproduction of the recently discovered Botticelli, "Pallas and the Centaur," for which Mr. T. Sturge Moore has written a poem. Mr. Reginald Savage contributes "The Albatross" and an illustration to "Sidonia the Sorceress," which will have, for literary partner, an essay by Professor York Powell on Wilhelm Meinhold. Mr. Charles Conder gives "L'Oiseau Bleu" (a composition with some flavour of Rowlandson), from a water-colour drawing executed on silk. "Death and the Bather" is from a powerful and weird pen-and-ink drawing by Lawrence Housman. Mr. Shannon's own characteristic work is shown in the "White Watch," a composition quite as mystically poetical as his "Romantic Landscape," which was figured in *The Sketch* some time ago, when the pre-Raphaelites and their works were discussed. The latter picture has also a place in "The Pageant."

Besides the literary contributions incidentally mentioned, are a story by W. B. Yeats, a poem and story by John Gray, a play and poem by Maeterlinck, a poem by Theodore Watts, and a play by Michael Field. Dr. Garnett contributes an essay, and there is an interesting translation from the Low Dutch, "The Story of a Nun," which is claimed to be a more beautiful version of the Byzantine theme treated by Mr. John Davidson. Mr. Gleeson White is literary editor, and writes on the "Work of Charles Ricketts." Nor are these all, but enough have been mentioned to prove that "The Pageant" is no "vain show."

To descend to drier details. The book will contain twenty full-page illustrations, and seventeen in the text. The arrangement of the type will be unique. The cover is after a design by Mr. Ricketts. The ordinary edition will cost six shillings. The large-paper edition (limited to one hundred and fifty impressions) will be sold at one guinea.

"I have been allowed a free hand," said Mr. Shannon, "and I have used it. You notice the predominant pre-Raphaelite spirit—I was resolved not to bate one jot of my ideal, and I have not done so."

"I am sure, Mr. Shannon, there must be a public ready to acknowledge your labours?"

"At any rate," he answered cheerily, "I am very hopeful."

IN THE MALL.

Phyllis, tripping through the street
On her satin-shodden feet,
Makes the beaux all stare.
Of a sooth, she hath the right!
For her face is a delight,
And her figure rare.

True, she hath not wealth or pelf,
But she hath, God wot, *herself*!
Can that not suffice?
Titled dames may ride in chairs—
Titled dames have many cares,
Though they *seem* so nice.

I, who sit and idly play
On the harpsichord all day,
Know these things are true.
That is why, in Annish phrase,
I am fain to write these lays—
Simply to please *you*!

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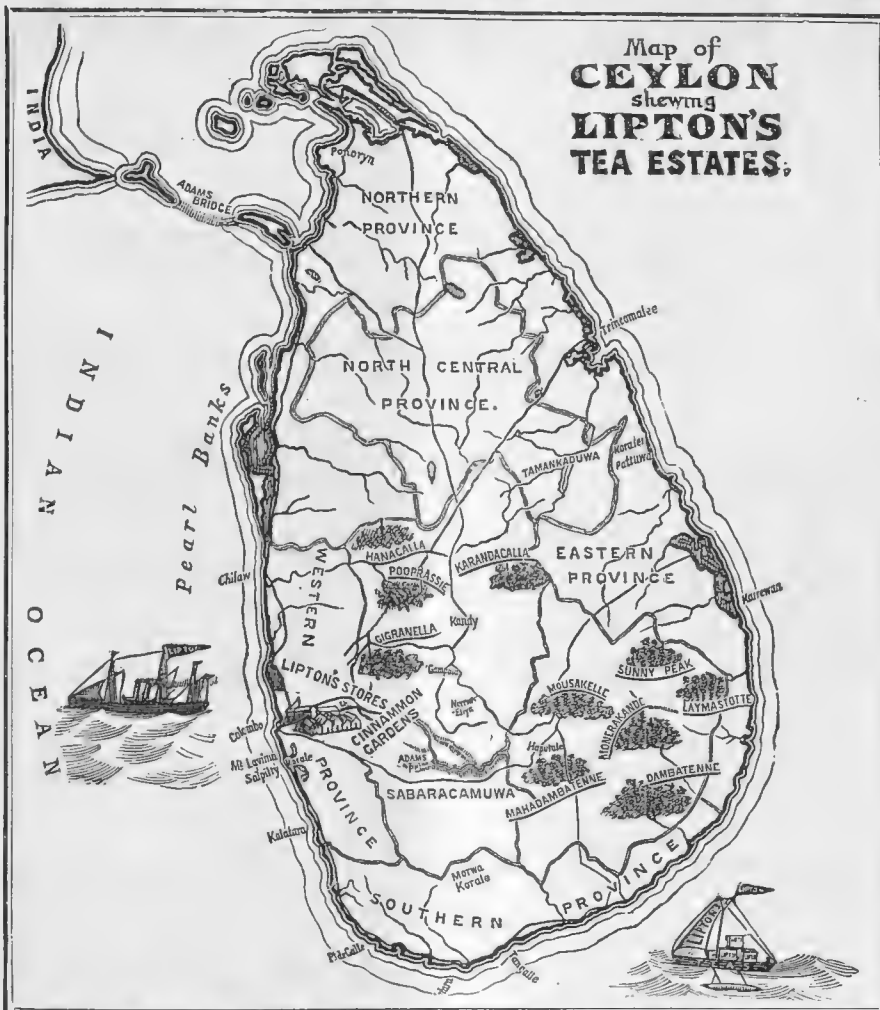
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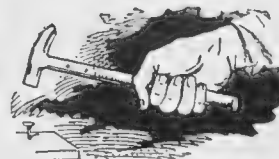


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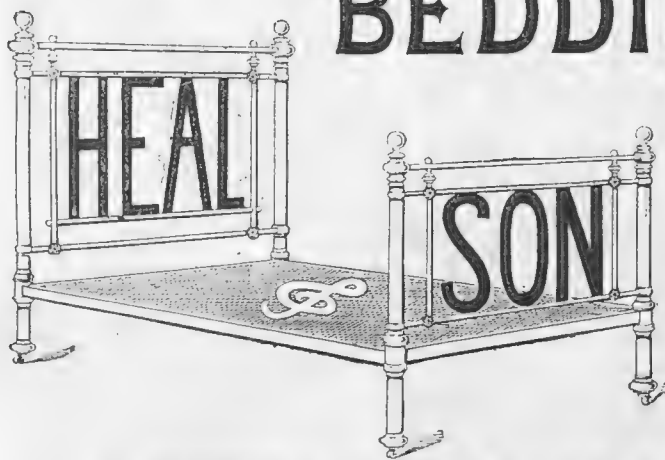


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In the great majority of instances, Dyspepsia will be found at the bottom of all the mischief, and impoverished Blood the immediate cause of Nervous Headache. The Treatment is simplicity itself. Let the patient have a dose of Guy's Tonic thrice daily after food. This will tone up the Stomach, ensuring Effective Digestion, improved Appetite, and rich, healthy Blood; and when these desiderata are brought about the Headaches—whether Anæmic, Neuralgic, or Sympathetic—will speedily be banished, and good Health and buoyancy of Spirits will again resume their sway.



Let the Diet be nutritious, plenty of outdoor exercise be indulged in, and moping habits be laid aside. The sufferers from Habitual Headaches should avoid Tea, Alcoholic Stimulants, and all hot and messy dishes. Cocoa and Milk should constitute their beverages. On no account should they be persuaded to employ as remedies any constipating drugs, such as Iron, Cinchona, or Quinine, nor any of the Alkaloids; the effects of these substances are worse than the affections they are intended to cure.

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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The English season is now in its most interesting state. For the most part the clubs have thoroughly settled down, and all we can do is to sit still and await developments. These developments may or may not be sensational. The probability is that they will be. Football is such a very peculiar game. It is the easiest thing in the world for clubs which have commenced in hurricane fashion to die away in a perfect calm, much in the same way as inconsequent sloggers at boxing; on the other hand, they may "last." One thing is pretty certain, and that is, that those teams which have made a disastrous beginning will make herculean efforts to lift themselves from the mire of misfortune. The "see-saw" game is ever well exemplified in this particular sport.

Of course, there are exceptions. In the Second Division of the Football League Crewe Alexandra occupy an ignoble position. Nobody expects them to improve upon it to any extent. We have in this case a precedent to go by. Crewe were ever an unfortunate club. They lost matches, and they thrived upon crushing defeats, so to speak. At least, they took those defeats in a calm, equable spirit, and never exhibited the slightest distress. It is very soothing to one's nerves to have a team like this about the place. A side like West Bromwich Albion, for instance, which possesses the habit of toppling over like ninepins one week and rising to slay a stronger team with a merciless hand, or rather with merciless feet, the next, is apt to upset the plodding student of form and the harmless and unnecessary football-result tipster. The Throstles could not have made a worse commencement than they did, failing to score a single goal in their first two matches. All of a sudden they thought of something, as it were, and, after playing a drawn game at home with their near but dear enemies, Aston Villa, they went away and served Everton the same nasty trick. The first of these two surprises was not so astonishing as the other, for it is something approaching to the marvellous nowadays for any team to "pay a visit" and come back undefeated. Did we not know our West Bromwich Albion, we might be inclined to regard this revolution as a promise of better things to come. But, then, West Bromwich Albion is West Bromwich Albion.

As for Aston Villa, if they have not been setting all the rivers afire, as had been expected, they are, at any rate, having a most successful time of it, and are in a splendid position for finishing at the top of the poll. If they fail to do so, astonishment will be universal, for, apart from the strength of the team, on paper, at any rate, the form of all the other clubs is, to say the least, decidedly mixed. In Sunderland's case, more than any other, this variableness in form causes deep surprise. Sunderland is a team which has always been respected. Taking them on the play to which they have treated us since the day they first entered the Football League, there is not a team to equal them. When we used to dread the consequences of another side going away in a match, we were generally quietly confident about Sunderland. As for home fixtures, it is quite a red-letter day—a very rare red-letter day—for Sunderland to suffer defeat on the Newcastle Road ground. There they are simply invincible. And now the Wearsiders are giving palpable indication of a "decay," as it were. Even recognising the fact that Sheffield is habitually the cemetery of their hopes, we never expected them to be beaten three goals to nil by the Wednesday, especially after their fine victory over the United a week earlier.

Meanwhile, Aston Villa go on their way rejoicing. It is true they have not been particularly successful away from home; but, nevertheless, there is no manner of doubt about the team having the finest set of fellows throughout the League. Bolton Wanderers are also well up—indeed, but for that unexpected defeat at home at the feet of Bury, the "Trotters" would have been in a position of fine strength. There was no reason why they should have lost that match, and the probability is that, were the match to be replayed to-day, a totally different result would be arrived at. On the other hand, there was no reason why Bolton should have gone to Burnley and got through the marvellous defence of that team to the tune of two

goals, while they forfeited only one themselves. But they did. These things will happen in the best-regulated Leagues.

Everton's display continues to be puzzling to a degree. Here, in a financial sense, we have undoubtedly the richest club in the kingdom. But they can't win matches—at any rate, they can't win all they should win, which teaches a very wholesome moral, but which at the same time causes many surprising conjectures. Derby County jog merrily along from one victory to another, in a quiet but business-like style, and, with Stoke, complete the vanguard. Stoke will soon be acquiring a record for consistency. They win their home matches, and they lose the away lot by a single goal every time. There is no doubt they are a very stubborn lot to tackle. Small Heath are, of course, at the bottom of the list. In their time, the "Little Heathens" used to be a splendid team in the Second Division. They justified their promotion for a time, but this year the whole side seems to have fallen to pieces. Perhaps the migration of Cæsar Jenkyns to Woolwich Arsenal had something to do with it.

There looks like being a desperate struggle in the Second Division of the League, after all. Liverpool are not to have matters entirely their own way. That sensational beating by Burslem, presumably one of the weakest of the sixteen clubs, has completely upset nice calculations, and now the favourites, though the date is yet early, are Liverpool, Manchester City, and Woolwich Arsenal, with one or two others well up. Lincoln City are, indeed, in a hopeless plight, and, if they do not take care, will finish up in an even worse position than Crewe, which would be the unkindest cut of all.

Association Football in South Africa is making rapid strides, more especially since Sir Donald Currie presented such a handsome challenge trophy to the S.A.F.A., the competition for which is open to all affiliated associations and takes the form of a tournament held at different centres each season. Last year they met at Cape Town, when the Border, Griqualand West, Transvaal, and Western Province teams competed, with the result that Transvaal won by one point, after a hard tussle with the Cape team. This season the venue was Johannesburg. In proof of the enthusiasm of "socket" players, in South Africa, it may be noted that the distance from Cape Town to Johannesburg is over a thousand miles, two days and three nights by train. From Kimberley it is not much less. The Natal and Orange Free State Associations having affiliated since last season, there was much more interest taken in this tournament; Natal being supposed to be the stronghold of the "socket" game in South Africa. At the last moment the O.F.S.A. withdrew, and this left the four associations that competed last year, with the addition of Natal, to play off for the Blue Ribbon of South African Association

C. Apperley (Chairman). Gill. Pritchard. Dickson. Helm. Farrington (Capt.). Spence. Gribben. Maxwell. D. Easton (Hon. Manager).



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WINNERS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL (CURRIE) CUP.

Photo by J. Watson and Co., Cape Town.

Football. The weather during the ten days was remarkably good, consequently the games were patronised by thousands of people, and the enthusiasm was intense, more especially when Natal, Transvaal, and Western Province met each other. These teams were spotted as being "the best of five," and so it proved. The ultimate winners were, apparently, a "surprise packet," their exhibition of the game in its finest points being recognised on all sides as far in advance of any previous display of Association football in South Africa. During the competition they did not meet with one reverse, although their match with the Transvaal team on the last day of the tournament resulted in a draw. The analysis of results was as follows: Western Province, 7 points; Natal, 6 points; Transvaal, 4 points; Griqualand West, 3 points; Border, nil. The winning team scored 20 goals and lost 2, and their players were drawn from the following clubs: Cape Town, 6; Black Watch, 4; Royal Artillery, 2; York and Lancaster Regiment, 2; Peninsular, 2. Two of the players were unavoidably absent when the group were photographed, viz., Private Grieve, Black Watch, and the famed "Sandy" Robertson, late of Edinburgh St. Bernard's and Preston North End.

Both Universities have now given us an idea of their form, and what they haven't given us we can guess. Cambridge appear to be possessed of a really terrific fifteen, and the merciless severity which characterised their defeats of Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals augurs well for a bright career. Under the "socket" code the Light Blues are scarcely so strong—they never are—but time may effect a change. Oxford opened the season with a draw against the Royal Indian Engineering College, which was a none too brilliant performance. They appear to compare unfavourably with the Light Blues in the fifteen, but favourably in the eleven.

Blackheath, like Newport in Wales, is undoubtedly the strongest Rugby club in its country. If there be a doubt about it, the point can, unfortunately, never be settled, for their most serious rivals are engaged in that outlawed competition, the Northern Rugby Union. The Corinthians are indisputably the finest amateur Association combination in the world. Their easy defeat of the combined Army was fully expected, but perhaps the 11 goals to 1 was somewhat beyond anticipations. Next Saturday, at the Queen's Club, the Corinthians entertain Notts Forest, and a very nice game should result. Mr. G. H. Cotterill is in his "second time on earth."

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

Many of us have by this time forgotten or tried to forget the international athletic meetings in New York. A few days ago I ran up against Mr. Henry Becks, the Queen's Club secretary, who went out with the Englishmen, and is only just back. Mr. Becks told me a great deal about the internationals. For the New York athletes he had only praise of the warmest character. A grander set of men he had never seen, nor did he think it likely he would ever see their equals in the future. He confirmed our suspicions as to the unfitness in condition of the Englishmen, but, at the same time, considered that under any circumstances we should have lost. A return visit from the New York A.C. will probably take place on July 16 of next year.

I understand that C. S. Sydenham, the Hampton Court Hare and Harrier, has decided to throw in his lot with the Ranelagh Harriers, and he may be, therefore, expected to compete as a first-class member for that club in the cross-country championships next year.

At the Blackheath Harriers' meeting, to be held on Dec. 7, a Married v. Single match will be a great feature of the members' sports: It will be a five-mile race.

Cambridge Hare and Hounds are meeting the Hampton Court Hare and Hounds on Nov. 9 and the Blackheath Harriers on Nov. 16. The Cantabs have never met the Hampton Courters before.

It is said that another big cycling race-meeting, with a £160 first prize, in aid of the Madagascar Army, will shortly be held in Paris.

We are promised more visitors. Two American cracks, named Titus and Cabanne, have signified their intention of racing as professionals in England next season.

Nothing has yet been done in regard to the proposed taxation of cycles. There have been tenable arguments on either side, but, for myself, I should say that, however the matter be settled, the result is sure to be favourable, seeing in what a majority the cyclists are.

GOLF.

The long-talked-of match between A. Kirkcaldy and W. Fernie is now a matter of history. Perhaps the only remarkable fact about the contest was the easy win of Fernie, who not only took a long lead on his own green, but also improved his position over the neutral course at Prestwick. When the pair met for the last time at St. Andrews—Kirkcaldy's own green—Ferne held the long lead of ten holes. Kirkcaldy made a supreme effort, and in the first round managed to reduce the lead to five. In the afternoon, brilliant play on the part of the home player brought the difference at one time to a couple of holes; but Fernie pulled himself together at the critical moment, and getting "home" with some long "puts," he ultimately won by four up and three to play.

The feature of the match was undoubtedly the splendid "putting" of the winner. Not since Willie Campbell was at his best have we seen a finer putter than Fernie. Anything under twelve yards is generally regarded as a sure shot for the Troon player.

The other day, Mr. C. G. Broadbent, in a match against Mr. J. A. Veitch, broke the record of the Ganton (Scarborough) Links, previously held by Mr. Tom Varden (of Ilkley), by 2. His figures were—

Out—1 5 4 4 3 5 4 5 6—40
In—3 3 6 3 5 3 4 3 4—34

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

If reports are true, Captain Machell and Mr. H. McCalmont are both going in strongly for racing under National Hunt Rules, and I am glad to see Mr. Leonard Brassey is the latest recruit to steeplechasing, while General Owen Williams may have a jumper or two in training this winter. It is a pity that Clerks of Courses cannot afford to offer bigger prizes under National Hunt Rules. At present, those gentlemen who do not bet are bound to lose money at the game, as the jockeys' fees, to begin with, are very high. Indeed, I heard of a horse recently winning a hurdle race, net value, £34; out of this the jockey received £10, while travelling and other necessary expenses of owner and trainer came to £22!

One of the best-known and most affable pencillers on the Turf is Mr. Harry Marks, of Bow, who is something more than a mere Turf-accountant, as he is a good all-round sportsman, a first-class angler, a capital cricket-player, and a champion swimmer. Mr. Harry Marks is, too, well up in Freemasonry, and is a P.M. of some years' standing. Mr. Marks, in business matters, is very 'cute. He has a winning manner that is telling with the members of our aristocracy. One noble lord backed his horse with Marks to win a little fortune. The animal ran last, and his lordship immediately ordered his trainer to present the disappointing animal to Mr. Marks, who ultimately lost a lot of money and won none over the beast. Another lord of high degree once admired Mr. Marks's top-hat, which was built on those fearful and wonderful sugarloaf lines so much appreciated by the late Marquis of Ailesbury. Mr. Marks, being equal to the occasion, offered to have one manufactured for his lordship if he would wear it. The bargain was clinched, and the young earl wore the hat, to the delight of racegoers generally; but he tired of his bargain at the end of a week, and went back to his bowler. Harry Marks plays the game pluckily, and sometimes has to pay out a lot of money; but this he does with the best possible grace, and he has never yet lost a client. He is not anxious to monopolise the whole of the betting, but believes there is room for all. He has a wonderful memory, and possesses more knowledge of the Turf than most men. Mr. Marks has his offices in the Haymarket, but he resides at a delightful little place at Bow, where he is highly popular, as he does not withhold his hand in the "golden name of charity."



MR. HARRY MARKS.

Photo by Sherborn, Newmarket.

I begin to think it is a pity the Jockey Club do not legislate in the matter of betting. It is a fact that many people who go racing do bet, and they often indulge in ante-post betting on big handicaps, but there seems to be a want of authority in the regulation of prices. The reporters have quotations given them by the bookmakers, and these are published in the papers, but it may be that the professionals do not give all the information they possess. Thus a horse is made favourite by the public, and, thanks to the aid of the Press, he remains so, although the stable has not and does not intend to invest a shilling on his chance.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard, who will run several horses in this country next year, is likely to meet with better success than befell Mr. R. Croker. It is a good sign when we find horses from all quarters of the globe competing on English racecourses. At the same time, it behoves our handicappers to allot foreigners an equitable weight in all handicaps, giving them a chance both to win and be beaten. I think it was Admiral Rous who once said a handicapper's idea was that the result of his efforts should be a dead-heat between the lot, but the clever sailor-sportsman did not add that it would be necessary, if this were to be brought about, for all the runners in the race to be triers.

The telegraphic arrangements to many of our racecourses are totally inadequate. This is notably the case at Newmarket, where, for an hour before every big race, all the Press messages are sent off anyhow. If the Stewards of the Jockey Club cannot allow more space in the Rowley Mile Stand for the telegraphic work, I suggest a pneumatic tube be constructed to the post-office in the town. The only drawback to this suggestion is the want of steam-power to do the work. Some of the provincial newspapers, by-the-by, use their own engines to work the pneumatic tubes from their offices to the local post-offices.

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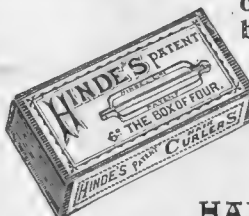
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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

DRESSES AT THE THEATRES.

To-day is given up to talk of Trilby, whose personal acquaintance some of us will make to-night at the Haymarket, but whom we are all bound to know sooner or later, and my contribution to the general fund of excitement on this red-letter day—and the red letter takes the form of a "T"—will be found in the sketch and description of the lovely gown in which this much-talked-of heroine unveils the painting of Svengali in the last act, and then—dies.

Trilby's gowns, taken on the whole, do not lend themselves to description, in the light of fashionable costumes; but this notable exception gives one plenty to say in praise of its loveliness, though it is a very simple loveliness, for the material is ivory-white crêpe de Chine, finely accordion-pleated, and falling in long, straight folds from a square-cut yoke of Venetian guipure, while the waist is loosely encircled by a richly hued Oriental girdle. Then there are long, hanging sleeves of transparent white chiffon, and as Miss Baird is "divinely tall," you may imagine that this dress suits her to perfection, and accentuates the grace of every movement. It has been specially designed and made, I may tell you, by that J. J. Fenwick of London and Newcastle fame, and so Trilby, though at first unversed in the art of dress, has shown good taste in the selection of a *costumier* when the opportunity arose.

And so now, having secured for you the first peep at the new dress for the heroine of the hour, let me introduce you to another charming new stage-gown, worn, in this case, by Miss Millward in "The Swordsman's Daughter," this too showing, in its widely different way, how effective well-made simplicity can be. But, then, you must be perfectly sure that it is made to perfection, and Miss Millward has ensured this by going to clever Madame Thorpe, of 106, New Bond Street, thereby setting us all a very good example.

The skirt is of black satin, gathered on the hips, and absolutely free, you may be interested to know, from any stiffening whatsoever, the richness of the material and the perfection of the cut being alone responsible for the graceful hang of the full folds. The bodice is of white accordion-pleated chiffon, cut square, and drawn into a deep, ruched waist-belt of pale-blue satin, with three large paste buttons placed diagonally across the front, while the great, softly hanging chiffon sleeves are composed of an infinity of tiny, one-inch tucks, and caught up on the shoulder by knots of black ribbon-velvet. Miss Millward is noted for being one of our best-gowned actresses, and she sustains her reputation by this, the latest addition to her stage wardrobe.

Then—still keeping to the stage—Miss Marion Terry wears some very pretty dresses, in "The Rise of Dick Halward," which you may like to hear about, the first meriting your special attention, for it is of delicate pink glacé, the space between the line stripes of white satin being taken up by a chiné design of trails of tiny roses in a deeper shade

of pink. The bodice is draped with a doubly frilled fichu of mellow-tinted lace, caught into a waistband of black satin, the front a glittering mass of embroidery, carried out in burnished steel paillettes, and the back tied into a great bow with long sash-ends. The collar is a copy in miniature of the waistband, and the dainty costume is completed by a big black velvet hat, trimmed with outstanding bow-ends of pink chiné ribbon and sundry black ostrich feathers. I liked Miss Terry's evening-dress, too, in the second act. It is of yellow satin, the bodice combined with white lisse and yellowish lace, which latter dainty fabric forms two long scarves, which float down each side of the skirt from the waistband. Three velvet-petalled roses in a brilliant shade of nasturtium-red, peeping out from the soft bodice-folds, give just the necessary touch of contrasting colour.

In her last dress, of powder-blue cloth, there are several points worthy of notice and imitation. The skirt is plain, but the bodice is full of good ideas, made, as it is, with a slight pouch-front, with steel buttons flashing out at each side, and still another button holding together in the centre the turned-back points of the little side-basques. The plain collar has waved lines of blue braid almost covering its white cloth surface, and is bordered with a narrow edging of mink fur, two great points of this braided cloth being turned back in front over the shoulders.

Dainty little Miss Annie Hughes appears first in dove-grey cloth, with puffings of tea-rose yellow chiffon let in on bodice and sleeves, and a high-crowned hat of gathered yellow velvet, with a black ostrich feather and a white osprey for trimming; and next in a little evening-frock, which should serve as a model to all fresh young débutantes who want to combine girlish simplicity with undeniable prettiness. Made of soft white silk, the skirt is quite plain, while the baby bodice is edged with a

ruffling of chiffon, from which hangs a fringe of tiny pink-tipped daisies; the short, puffed sleeves, which are veiled with a frill of net, sewn with silver sequins, being caught up in the centre with a trail of marguerites. A waistband of glittering sequins completes the pretty picture, and it is a very pretty one, I assure you.

The mother, Miss Fanny Coleman, is also gowned with a dignified smartness which is to be commended, a green-and-black brocade skirt being worn in the first act with a coat-bodice of emerald-green velvet,



MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD'S GOWN IN THE LAST ACT OF "TRILBY."

embroidered with steel sequins, and softened with some narrow black ostrich-feather trimming, while mauve satin and velvet, in a deeper shade compose her evening-dress, in conjunction with some filmy yellow lace. The front of the bodice is arranged in a very pretty way, the place of a vest being taken by a number of satin bows, which grow small by degrees and beautifully less as they near the waist, while in the centre of each one glitters a diamond button.

So, altogether, the dresses are more worthy of note for copying purposes than the Arcadian simplicity of the "Alabama" costumes.

If you can, after these fascinating frivolities, bring yourself to the consideration of more serious matters, I have a reward in store for you,



NEW DRESS FOR MISS MILLWARD IN "THE SWORDSMAN'S DAUGHTER."

in the shape of the information—which will be welcomed by every one of you, I know—that Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, the world-renowned linen manufacturers of Belfast, have just opened some magnificent premises at 170, Regent Street, so that now you can have the additional pleasure of personally inspecting and selecting your purchases. I need hardly tell you what you already know—that, being the actual manufacturers, and supplying their goods direct to the public, Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's prices are delightfully and surprisingly low; but that you can easily find out for yourselves, if, as yet, experience has not taught you this very pleasant lesson.

FLORENCE.

AN IRISH NOVEL.

In "Golden Lads and Girls" (Downey and Co.), Mr. H. A. Hinkson has been so fortunate as to discover a phase of contemporary Irish life so different from that generally presented to English readers that it possesses singular freshness and charm, and entitles the author to latitude. After the pessimistic pictures of Irish poverty and discontent, to say nothing of the "penny dreadful" moonlighter stories, too often associated of late with Hibernian fiction, it is a relief to open a book whose very title carries one back to the time when the name of Ireland was synonymous—at least, when literature was in question—with wit, jovial good-feeling, and light-heartedness.

The life and adventures of Hugh Joyce, Mr. Hinkson's hero, at Trinity College, make excellent reading. Several prominent Dublin notables are vividly sketched, and many people on this side of St. George's Channel will recognise and hail "Dr. Macduff," to say nothing of "Dr. Burke" and "Tim Muldoon," as familiar figures in the academic and political Ireland of to-day. The author of "Golden Lads and Girls" is evidently a faithful lover of "dear, dirty Dublin," and not the least delightful pages in the volume are those in which reference is made to the glories of the city.

Some amusing and characteristic glimpses of country life in the West of Ireland form an excellent foil to the description of Trinity

College, the far-famed Elizabethan University, the prestige of which, as a seat of learning and social centre, has remained unshaken through all the vicissitudes which have befallen "the most distressful country." But Hugh Joyce, Mr. Hinkson's hero, is more of a sportsman than a scholar, and not the least good scene in the book is that describing an accident in the hunting-field, the one sphere in which, as the author truly remarks, all class distinctions are levelled, and which remains the one democratic institution in Ireland which has survived the hostilities of priest and politician. No story of Irish life would be quite complete without a murder in it; and in the last chapter of "Golden Lads and Girls," Mr. Hinkson fully lives up to the tradition, and that without harrowing unduly his readers' feelings.

FRUIT-GROWING IN NEW MEXICO.

The "Land of Sunshine"—could one wish to live in a happier place? The title is given to Mesilla Valley Irrigation Colony, situated in the romantic Doña Ana County, New Mexico, and the name is a magnet in itself to those in search of prosperous adventure. The fruit-growing capacity of this "happy valley" is enormous, and the climate brings the fruit to splendid perfection. Apricots, grapes, and plums are especially fine, while walnuts and asparagus are almost as well suited for cultivation. The colony is waiting for muscular, healthy young men, with courage to develop its resources. Fruit and vine lands, which have been levelled, cleared, and are ready for the plough, can be had on easy terms, and the man who can furnish a few hundreds of pounds will be likely to receive a return for his money far surpassing the best outlay on agriculture at home. A book giving fuller details can be obtained at 34, Victoria Street, Westminster.

THE LATE MR. HENRY REEVE.

Surely the oldest editor has passed away in Henry Reeve, who died on Oct. 21, aged eighty-two. He had been editor of the *Edinburgh Review* for nearly two-score years, and had known most of the writers of two generations. When the *Edinburgh* was a political power in the land, Mr. Reeve was the exponent of the policy of the Whigs, and what appeared in the pages of the *Review* was regarded as "inspired" by the chiefs of the party. He was an old contributor



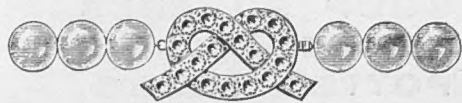
THE LATE MR. HENRY REEVE, C.B.

to the *Times*, and acquired that delightful authoritative manner which one naturally associates with writers on the "Thunderer." The "Greville Memoirs" were edited by Mr. Reeve, and the political history of the last two reigns was enhanced by the gossip therein contained. For the whole length of the Queen's reign, Mr. Reeve was Registrar of the Privy Council, and in this capacity came into contact with the principal men of the day. He was very clever, and also very sociable, and many will miss the cheery old gentleman,

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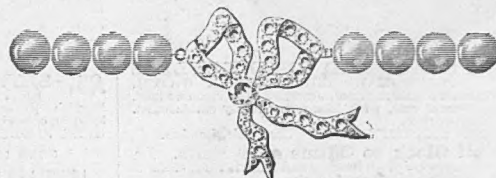


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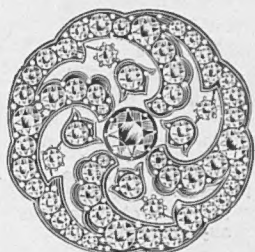
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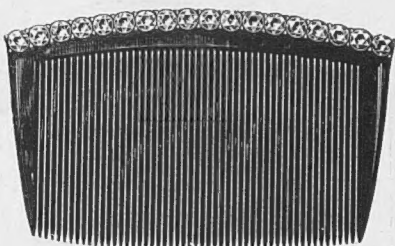
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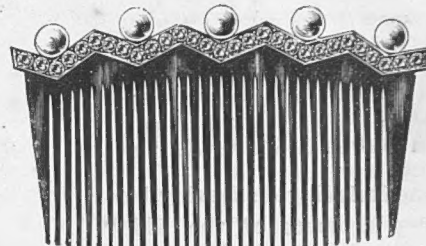
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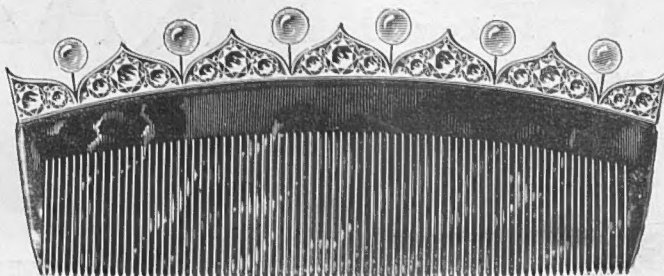
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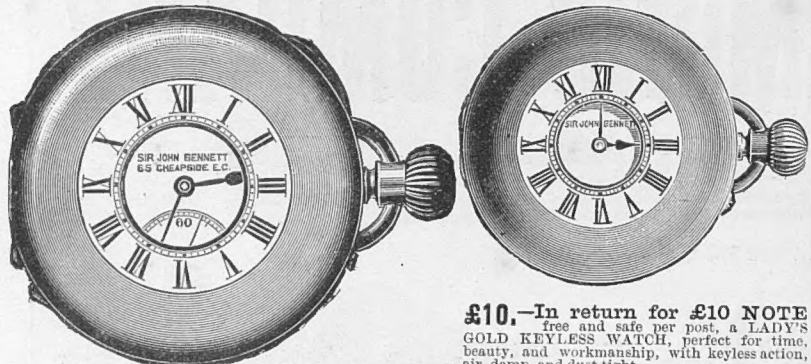
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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 11.

THE MINING SHAKE-OUT.

From time to time rash speculators on the Stock Exchange, and on the other gambling markets of the world, have to be taught a severe lesson *pour encourager les autres*, and the collapse that this month has seen in the price of mining shares was one of these necessary chastisements. For those who were under the rod, the experience was exceedingly painful; but there is not the least doubt that the castigation has been most salutary in its effects. The result is already to be seen in the more healthy aspect of the Mining market, and it may be safely assumed that the lesson will not be forgotten for many a month to come. The people who brought about the stampede by their tactics are now going about like grieved parents, explaining that the administering of the punishment "hurt them more than it hurt you"; but every City man knows better than to believe that. It was simply a case of a determined "bear" raid by a powerful combination of interests, and the firms who led the attack made heavy profits out of it, while enjoying the game immensely all the time it was being played, for there are very few financiers with bowels of compassion. But while declaring roundly that the breaking-up of the market was a matter of callous and selfish calculation, and nothing less, yet we have not the least hesitation in saying that these hard-hearted bears have done the Mining market an enormous service. As the Great Fire purified London and stamped out the Plague, so the recent collapse has purged the Mining market, and has vastly improved its status. It had got to a very critical stage, and had it been allowed to proceed a little longer in the old mad way there would have been a crash compared to which this October shake-out would have been child's play; and the ruin would have been so widespread that the crisis would have gone down in history side by side with the "Black Fridays" and "Blue Mondays" of which City men still speak with bated breath.

The bears have simply acted the part of lecturers on logic. The public was rushing along a course that must have inevitably resulted in its tumbling head over heels down a precipice. It ought to have been quite apparent that there was only one logical outcome for such a lunatic rush in the dark; but the public was deaf and blind to all warnings. Fortunately the bears came in at the right moment, and tripped up the public before the verge of the precipice was reached. For its disregard of logic, the public found itself suddenly pulled up in its wild career, with a broken head, with a body beaten black and blue, and with a severe nervous shock. But that is better than going over the cliff. To return from metaphor, the public had become infatuated with the Mining market, and had to be convinced that it was no longer responsible for its actions. It was not that mining shares ought not to be bought, but that the public, both in this country and on the Continent, was buying too many of them. The "boom," when it started, was founded on a very solid basis. The original boom, of 1889, was decidedly premature, for the Rand was at that time unproved ground, and the boom ended in disaster. The public was discouraged, and left Kaffirs severely alone, a policy that was enforced by the Baring crisis at the end of 1890. Until the end of 1894 the Kaffir market lay fallow, because public confidence was shaken; but, all the time, the development of the reefs was proceeding, and the existence of the "banket" formation, from east to west, and from north to south, was being established. While the public slumbered and slept, the Rand was being proved to be the most reliable of gold-fields, and the various mines had secured a good four years' start of the speculators. When this was realised, at the end of 1894, there was a furious but justifiable rush for the shares, and that was the beginning of the present boom. Accordingly, the advance could proceed for months without a break and yet be logical, for it was a case of bringing up arrears.

But the public did not know when to go slow. The spectacle of prices steadily advancing and of fortunes being made fired the imagination of the speculator, and wholesale, indiscriminate buying set in. The popular notion was that a man had only got to buy a mining share at random, and double his money in a fortnight. As a matter of fact, this idea was perfectly right to start with, but the best of theories can be carried too far. Everybody commenced to buy Kaffirs, and the less they knew about the Rand the more shares they purchased. Men who ought not to be running more than ten shares had a hundred open, and men who might have risked a hundred had a thousand. The market became a mere gambling-house. It was not the fault of the Rand, but of the public; it was not so much a case of many shares being overvalued, but of many speculators being overloaded. In May a little smash came, but the lesson was disregarded, and the wonder is that the second breakdown was postponed so late as October. On account of the delay, it was all the more serious, and the extent of it we set down below, taking the prices of half-a-dozen representative stocks just before the slump and the quotations touched at the climax last Wednesday—

	Before the Slump.	At End of Slump.	Fall in Three Weeks.
Barnato Bank	3½	2	1½
Chartered	8½	5½	3
East Rands	12½	7½	5
Goldfields	19½	15¼	4½
Knights	10½	6½	3½
Rand Mines	44½	35	9½

There has, of course, been a decided recovery since the scare passed off, but we put on record the losses experienced in the fatal three weeks between Oct. 3 and 23 as a warning to reckless speculators of what they may have to face again unless they conduct their buying with a little more discretion.

The depreciation in the West Australian market has been very small compared with Kaffirs, and a mere movement in sympathy, which will be more than recovered the moment things settle down in the African corner.

THE MINING MARKET OUTLOOK.

In considering the probabilities of the immediate future in the Mining market, a great variety of circumstances have to be taken into account; but perhaps the most important factor of all is the intrusion of the Continent on the "Kaffir Circus," which used to be a London affair entirely. This new influence is in itself of great moment, and at present it exercises a double weight, owing to the fact that, as yet, the London market does not fully understand it. The British public has never yet grasped the idiosyncrasies of the Continental speculator, whom it has regarded, indeed, as a man unguided by the light of reason or of common sense. This was, of course, a ridiculous mistake, but it did not matter so very much in the old days, as the two classes did not clash much; but now the Continental speculator may almost be described as the dominant force on the Mining market. The Kaffir boom had hardly got well under way before Paris began to buy; and week by week its enthusiasm has grown, and the volume of its purchases has increased, the latter stage of the advance being mainly supported by the heavy French orders. At first the purchases were all for "taking up," and hence the great effect produced by the persistent buying orders, but gradually a change came over this scene. The mining craze was at first confined to the idle and wealthy upper classes, the fashionable club-men; but presently it spread to the *bourgeoisie*, and finally to the provincial peasants. Up to this point it was still the practice to pay cash for a great many of the shares bought, but the fever then became so intense that everybody who had no money must needs become a bull of Kaffir shares. The gambling sentiment took such a firm hold on France, and particularly on Paris, that every waiter, every gendarme, every market-woman, is now running a speculation in *mines d'or*. Hence the need for keeping a very watchful eye on Paris.

A few days since we had the advantage of a talk with a well-informed London stockbroker who had been over in Paris for the purpose of looking into the position there. He expressed himself as utterly amazed by the universality of the mining speculation he found there, and he impressed upon us the fact that Paris was by no means in the strong condition that is generally described here. At the beginning of last week, when the collapse in mining values was in progress, he found the Parisian speculators in a state of panic infinitely more acute than anything shown in London. But the French are very volatile, and their spirits went up like rockets on Wednesday afternoon, when the Banque du Transvaal was formed. They at once jumped to the conclusion that this institution was in some mysterious way to pay all their differences for them. The Bank will certainly make it part of its business to assist the carrying-over of the really good mining shares, but it will not make any pretence to be a philanthropic concern; and there is a danger that the nervous French speculators may be so disillusionised at the present Settlement that they will take another scare. If the recovery be slow, then the situation is saved, according to this expert observer; but if it be rapid, the recurrence of a crisis is a matter of only a very short time. Of course, the enormous and aristocratic account which required to be liquidated during the week was that of a certain ex-king, whose rash gambling in East Rands is said to have run into millions, but the trouble from this quarter is nearly over.

Before these remarks appear in print, it will be known how the Settlement on the London Stock Exchange has passed, and there is no doubt that the Settlement on the Paris Bourse will be much influenced thereby. But our readers ought not to indulge too freely in sanguine hopes until the French account has been duly arranged, for if there were a renewal of the recent fright, the effect would be much more serious this time, for the French nerve is shaken. If another shock to public confidence were given at the moment, the mob of Gallic speculators would throw up the sponge, we fear, like a French regiment in one of its occasional panics, when it scatters to the rear with shouts of "We are betrayed!" The Germans and Austrians have also dabbled considerably in mining shares of late, and might turn sellers in such an event, but neither in Berlin nor Vienna is the situation so delicate as in Paris, and the character of the people is less nervous and excitable. It is in Paris that the danger lies, but, if the present Settlement is surmounted safely, we do not think that danger will recur for some little time.

Of course, it is impossible to say for certain what is going to happen, but, unless the whole position is changed before these lines see the light, we consider the bold speculator will see good profits by buying solid stocks like those of the Barnato group, including New Primrose, Glencairns, and especially "Barney's" particular pet Consols, while Bonanzas, at £2, seem very tempting for those who can pay for them. There are, by-the-bye, two Bonanzas known to the market—one in America and one in South Africa. The former is "rubbish" of the worst kind, while the latter is probably the best piece of ground in the Rand for its size. It adjoins the Robinson Mine, has a shaft down on the reef, which was cut at about 700 ft., while, from all accounts, there must be at least £5 a share in the shape of undistributed, and so far unearned, dividends in the ground. Many of the smartest jobbers in the market are buyers at present figures, and, we know, are locking up the scrip.

The Goldfields report has reached us, and a very interesting document it is. If the property of the company were divided, and the whole of the debenture, preference, and ordinary capital refunded to the shareholders, there would be a surplus representing something like £15,000,000 at present prices. The policy of the board for the year under review has been to dispose of their outcrop holdings and go into deep levels, or

rather, to anticipate the future so much as to start deep levels upon deep levels. It is said that mining can be carried on to a vertical depth of five thousand feet, and the bulk of the properties belonging to the Goldfields are well within this limit. The whole thing reads like a story from Fairyland; but, when we consider that the operations of this vast organisation are controlled by two of the cleverest men in South Africa, it is important for every person interested in Rand mines to read carefully every word of this report; and we should say the ordinary investor could not do better than follow the lead which Mr. Rudd has set, and buy Nigel Deep, South Rands, Knight's Deep, and the like.

Among the good effects of the slump, nothing has been more noticeable than the stop which has been put upon the issue of new ventures. The greed of promoters is truly awful, and, if they would give us a little rest, the market and the public would be all the better.

Hannan's Brown Hills have risen even faster than we led our readers to expect, and are said to be on their way to 20. The capital is small, and the shares might well reach 10 without unduly capitalising the concern. The first crushing is expected next month. We advised our readers last week to buy Hannan's Proprietary, which could on Wednesday have been picked up at 1 premium, but are now 1½. The property is a very fine one, and the shares can well go better, as may Lady Shenton, Menzies Golden Age, and Wealth of Nations, in all probability. Menzies Gold Estates is about to bring out a subsidiary company, and are a strong market "tip." For people who want something a little more solid than mines, and yet wish to have a finger in the prevailing craze, there is nothing better than Town Properties of Western Australia, which is making solid progress and has invested its capital to very great advantage. A mine which has not been in much favour, but for which we hear there is a great future, is Cassidy Hill, from which the manager telegraphs that the cross-cut has gone through a lode for sixty-four feet, and no wall has yet been reached. If the value of the ore is up to the estimate of between two and three ounces, there can be no doubt as to the splendid prospects of the concern.

GENERAL MARKETS.

A year ago everybody would have laughed at the "respectable" corners of the Stock Exchange following the lead of the Kaffir Circus, but for several months this has been an acknowledged fact, with the result that all along the line for the last three weeks things have been dull. As to Yankee Rails, the public is completely apathetic, but when we get the coming assessments on Eries, Readings, Norfolks, and the other bankrupt lines over, things will wake up, for traffics improve, and the patient buyer of shares like Louisville will certainly reap his reward. Home Rails have all moved downwards, and, indeed, except a few specialties, the same is true all round the various markets, except in the case of Argentine securities, which are gradually coming to the front. The unification scheme may or may not be carried now, but it will come, and meanwhile gold is actually being exported to Buenos Ayres from New York. We have a very strong "tip" to buy the second debentures of the Villa Maria and Rufino Railway at about 24, which our readers, if they have any spare cash to lock up, will do well to follow. The first debentures are also a good buy, but, if our information is correct, more profit will be made out of the seconds.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE SULPHIDE ORE COMPANY, LIMITED, with a capital of £100,000, is formed to acquire certain patent rights. The present public issue is 75,000 shares of £1 each, and if we could see any evidence that the vast body of sulphide ores all over the world could be treated by this process on a commercial scale, and at a profit, we should have no doubt about the value of the discovery. We are not experts, and cannot judge of the chances of the invention by reading the technical description given in the prospectus; but it is clear that no considerable body of ore has ever been treated, that the British patent is the only one secured as yet, that the vendors do not even undertake to apply for or obtain any others in Europe, and as to the United States, Mexico, and Canada, the prospectus is absolutely silent. It seems to us the vendors are in too great a hurry to get rich; they had far better have got their patents before trying to sell, and certainly should have given some figures based on actual working. We advise our readers to leave this company alone—severely alone.

THE ECLIPSE GOLD-MINING COMPANY, LIMITED, is offering 52,000 shares of £1 each for public subscription. The prospectus consists of little more than experts' opinions, for all the work done upon the property to be acquired consists of a costeen trench or two, and for a piece of land two or three miles away from the Great Boulder property, said to be in the direct line of the reefs, £62,500 seems a long price to pay. There is too much about other people's properties, and too little solid facts about what the "Eclipse" is going to acquire, to please us, and we hope our readers have not subscribed, or that they may be able to sell out if they have.

THE HALIFAX BREWERIES, LIMITED, with a share capital of £110,000, divided into 4000 8 per cent. preference shares of £10 each and 7000 ordinary shares of the same denomination, is offering 3500 preference shares for subscription, as well as £45,000 6 per cent. first mortgage debentures. The company is going to take over five breweries at Halifax and Dartmouth, in the Province of Nova Scotia. The profits of the combined breweries are said to be £11,800 a year, but the

concerns seem small and far more fitted to be run by private owners than a public company; in addition to which, the amount of both classes of stock offered for subscription is so small that no Stock Exchange quotation can ever be expected.

THE ROSE OF ENGLAND GOLD-MINING COMPANY, LIMITED, is formed, with a capital of £80,000, to acquire a mining lease of twenty-four acres in the Murchison district of Western Australia, and a ten-head stamp battery. Although the mine is said to be a going concern, the experts' reports are rat' or colourless, and a little information as to the results of the previous crushings would be acceptable. Why, having spent (as they say) £10,000 on machinery and development, the vendors should sell with a couple of thousand tons of ore in sight, and ready for taking out, we do not know, especially without putting a few hundred tons through the battery, so that the public might see what they are buying.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SAMBO.—We are unable to trace the people you name, who have gone away, leaving no address. You have been swindled, and had better write off the whole amount as a bad debt. May it be a warning to you not to send £50 as "cover" to people you know nothing about. If we hear of these scoundrels again we will let you know.

RED LANCER.—You must pay up, and smile if you can. We think the thing is a swindle, but have not a shadow of evidence, and the prospectus is so carefully worded that it is very hard to put your finger on any fact which can be construed into a misstatement.

SCOTT.—Do not be alarmed at the newspaper reports about the Wealth of Nations Company. The meeting will take place next week, and we fully expect you will be quite satisfied after you have heard the chairman's explanations. You may rest assured that the company's engineer has no interest in the two blocks adjoining Lease 1024, except as representing the London and Globe Corporation. Hold your shares.

J. S. B.—The letter of which you send us a copy is about what we should have expected. If what the secretary hopes comes about, you will be able to sell at a good price before you have any more to pay, and we advise you to instruct your broker to watch the market, and sell on the first chance at a reasonable profit. Our opinion of the concern remains the same as before, only "more so."

HARDY.—Your letter is a model of common sense. (1) Mines are more risky than industrial concerns; but, on the other hand, there is more chance of a big profit. Spread your risks over several concerns. The mine you name is very good; but as you have some, buy a few New Primrose or South African Bonanzas to hold, or, for a quick rise, Barnato Consolidated. (2) From all we hear of the Linotype Company, they are still a good buy, and will pay well. (3) We do not care for this concern. You had far better have a dash in Chartered shares, buying on a slump, or Hannan's Proprietary, of which we hear from Western Australia the most rosy accounts.

J. J. G.—(1) We really know very little about the company, except that, on the map, it is well situated for all the Buffelsdoorn lodes; its capital is £200,000, and the present price not half what you gave. We think you will probably have to wait for some results before you will be able to get out. (2) There is a reasonable prospect of this concern turning out well in the long run, but, unless things "boom" again, you will have to wait for results here also. (3) We doubt this concern, but really have no special information. (4) Take your profit; we do not like the "gang." The next time you have some money to spend buy something really good, like Hannan's Brown Hill, Burbanks, or especially South African Bonanzas at slump prices.

SIMPLICITY.—(1) Yes. You will be very foolish if you allow yourself to be gulled by the advertising fraternity. (2) Comply with our Rules for private letters, and we will send you the name and address of a respectable firm; or ask some of our friends to recommend you a local broker. (3) You can deal in any quantity, and, if you will only buy what at a pinch you can pay for, we think you should make money. We never advise for a quick rise, which means, give gambling tips. (5) We don't care about them, and would rather buy West Australian Pioneers. (6) Very good on intrinsic merits. (7) We do not know enough to advise. (8) Spoken well of in the market. (9) One of the best properties in Western Australia.

A. J. P.—Why not buy (1) Ten New Primrose; (2) Ten Hannan's Brown Hill; (3) Twenty Hannan's Proprietary; (4) Twenty Burbanks; (5) Twenty Bonanzas, and make up your £250 in Barnato Consolidated, and you will have solid concerns which will, in the end, pay you far better than mere gambling counters.

ISLE OF MAN.—(1) No. (2) A fraud. (3) We are glad you were able to withdraw in time.

VICTIM.—See answer to "Sambo." The office used to be at 110, Cannon Street, but the birds have flown.

WILL.—Your letter is very hard to answer, as you want to deal in such small amounts. Buy ten Bushman or five Burbanks, if you want to pay for and take up what you buy; but, if we were you, we would purchase twenty South African Bonanzas, and use the money as cover, carrying them over. We cannot recommend brokers except by private letter; but you can surely find a local man who is respectable.

J. W. AND W. P. K.—We have answered your letters and hope the replies have been received.

NOTE.—If the correspondent who, a fortnight ago, wished to part with South African Territories debentures communicates with us, we may be able to do something for him.

COUPON TICKET

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

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(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

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Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this ticket, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

Oct. 30, 1895.

Signature.....